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EDITORIAL

'SEVEN DAYS' ADVENT

With this issue we are pleased to welcome the 16,000 subscribers of *Seven Days* magazine to *The Nation*.

It is sad that this noble five-year experiment has ended. The idea was innovative: a slickly packaged weekly newsmagazine for "the millions of Americans who do not share the values, assumptions or life style fostered by the huge corporations that dominate the mass media," as Dave Dellinger of the *Seven Days*' staff put it. But the sustained and massive funding needed to make an alternative newsmagazine go and grow was not there.

Unique as *Seven Days* was, its fate is familiar. Rising costs, of course, have put all magazines in a squeeze, but, as we have lamented before, they strike particularly keenly at general magazines of opinion, tough reporting and independent criticism like *Seven Days*—magazines for thinkers and citizens, if you will, instead of consumers and "demographics." How long can our culture survive the sharp trend toward concentrated ownership of media and the press and still claim to be free? The only saving grace for us in this transaction is the knowledge that those involved in this most recent venture in counterestablishment journalism believed that *The Nation*, America's *oldest* weekly journal, is best suited to carry on *Seven Days*' ambitious mission. We are heartened by their confidence in us.

We therefore emphatically renew our commitment to the tradition of independent journalism (and respectfully hope that the readers of *Seven Days* will do the same with their subscriptions to *The Nation*!). We also wish the *Seven Days* community well in their plan to carry on their work through seminars, conferences and other activities under the Institute for New Communications.

Bienvenidos.

SOLDIERS' PAY
Lucinda Franks

PRO-IRAQI NEUTRALITY
Richard Falk

GETTING THE BUGS OUT
Herman Schwartz

ERITREA'S 20-YEARS WAR
Dan Connell

PURIFYING SOUTH KOREA
Michael Chinoy

WHO OWNS THE OIL COMPANIES?
Robert Sherrill

THE CANDIDATES AND ENERGY

LETTING BIG OIL DO IT

ROBERT ENGLER

Pity Ronald Reagan. As so often in a previous Hollywood existence, the fall guy, although he may end up crying all the way to the White House. He must bear the mark of an energy Neanderthal in centers of Democratic enlightenment because of such unencumbered observations as "it is the Government with its own restrictions and regulations that is creating the energy crisis" and his promise "to turn private enterprise loose in the marketplace." His born-again capitalism, gloriously innocent of any concentrated economic power, suggests the flowering of thousands of entrepreneurs rather than further genuflection before a handful of internationally enshrined behemoths. Obviously he is running too hard to read beyond Mobil billboards.

American energy policy has long been grounded in the sanctity of private profit. And the incumbent jogger in the Rose Garden is no heretic, his self-portrait as a populist and his conservation efforts notwithstanding. President Jimmy Carter's earliest invocation for sacrifice and regimen for strengthening the national character through "a moral equivalent of war" never included straining against the business forces dominating the flow of energy. This was at a time when widening segments of the public, apparently unpersuaded by lavish explanations about the complexity of "the crisis" and inelegant hints that the prime sinners were unfeeling Arabs, political meddlers and their own profligate selves, concluded from their daily experiences in the marketplace that energy supply and pricing practices were corporate rip-offs. Now the Administration has bestowed upon the nation an energy program modestly billed by the President as our single most exciting undertak-

(Continued on Page 407)

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LETTERS.

CLAIMS RESPONSIBILITY

New York City

There is one regrettable error in Fred J. Cook's article "Alger Hiss—A New Ball Game" [*The Nation*, Oct. 11]. As the evidence quoted does go "to the heart of the case, in effect destroying Chambers's credibility," I must claim responsibility for that research. Chester Lane did not "obtain" documents from the Oxford University Press and statements from Paul Willert. This crucial evidence was discovered in research for my book *Whittaker Chambers, Agent Provocateur* undertaken *after* Hiss was found guilty in the second trial, and was *freely given* to the Hiss defense, then headed by Lane. *Elinor Ferry*

ARKANSAS MINISTER

Pea Ridge, Ark.

Of course we had a right, yes, even a "need" to know. The Titan "fiasco," as you call it [editorial, "Nuclear Fudge," *The Nation*, Oct. 4], was exactly that, and I appreciate your attention to it.

At the time that the military was "neither confirming nor denying" the presence of a nuclear warhead, huge trailers were pulling away from the missile silo carrying canisters labeled "DO NOT DROP." And before the trailers traveled to Little Rock Air Force Base (during the peak of Little Rock's rush-hour traffic), Arkansas's respected newspaper *The Arkansas Gazette* had reported that the warhead had been blown some hundreds of yards from the silo (and included another estimate that it had been thrown *three miles away*)!

The irony of related incidents is so steep that it is alone incriminating: "Sirens were unnecessary and might cause panic and traffic jams in the event of future accidents," *The Arkansas Gazette* reports the Air Force to have stated in a report made in May concerning the necessity of warning sirens around missile silos. However, during the Damascus accident, Air Force personnel were armed with machine guns and grenade launchers at the entrance to the silo! Tell me, who seems to have panicked?

Finally, I am a new subscriber to *The Nation*. In this editorial, it seems you write as if no one in Arkansas *reads* your paper. "While the hillbilly preachers and deputy sheriffs of the Ozarks were all over the tube with exact fixes on where the object lay . . ." may help to lighten an otherwise very serious situation, it does not describe in a respectful way those persons who had guts enough to say what they thought in the face of the military. (Incidentally, I too am a preacher, born in the hills and raised in the hills—am I a "hillbilly" preacher?) And those "deputy sheriffs" you speak of weren't deputies, they were the county sheriffs themselves.

Michael L. Mattox

PUBLIC FOOTNOTE

Pound Ridge, N.Y.

A footnote from the public to your splendid personal tributes re-creating Harold Clurman's spirit. An actor and actress in from the Coast because of the strike invited me to the Harold Clurman Theater. A new play that evening was enthusiastically received. The audience was clapping for one more curtain call when a man from the house came down front to say that Harold Clurman had died. Within moments of that boisterous applause people behind me were sobbing. *Morris Renek*

READ LERNOUX

Flushing, N.Y.

I have just completed Penny Lernoux's moving book, *Cry of the People*. I believe that by questioning the role of the Catholic Church as the major part of his critique, Peter Marin ["Amazing Grace," *The Nation*, Aug. 30-Sept. 6] omits the voluminous, not to say nauseating, evidence that Lernoux brings out to establish the continuous violations of human rights (sanctioned, as she documents, by President Jimmy Carter), the consistent support of corrupt and cruel dictatorial regimes, the outrageous profits of the multinationals at the expense of the poor masses, the scandalous bribery and corruption and other crime-connected actions by the multinationals, the hypocrisy of our "human rights" declarations and the rank overthrow of legally elected regimes such as Goulart's, Allende's and Juan Bosch's. And why not honor the role of the priests? And why is the Pope silent?

I think these matters should have been the burden of his self-serving review about religion. I believe that Lernoux's book should be read widely; it proves what unbridled capitalism-imperialism, intent upon profits, does to the entire Latin American continent which it dominates so vilely.

Leonard Boyer

ANSWERS BERNARD

Lubbock, Tex.

The letter from former Minnesota Congressman John T. Bernard [*The Nation*, Oct. 4] dealing with the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 should not go unanswered. As the author of *The Strangled Democracy: Czechoslovakia, 1948-1969* (Caprock Press, 1970), I would like to point out that the story of the thousands of "Nazi" tourists in Prague and the hundreds of American Central Intelligence agents in that city in 1968 is an unfounded invention of the Soviet press. As is the so-called invitation of the Czechoslovakian Government then under Alexander Dubcek for Russian troops to forestall a right-wing "conspiracy."

According to members of the Czechoslovakian Central Committee meeting with Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow in August 1968, the latter's chief complaint (along with that of the right-wing military hawks on the Presidium who pushed through that invasion) was that Dubcek had changed the composition of his Cabinet without informing the Russians of it in advance. Later on, Russian propaganda charged that the "conspiracy" was engineered by Czech Communists with "Jewish" names and that it was a combination of Nazis, Zionists and international capitalist Jews who were attempting to turn Czechoslovakia over to Wall Street, the Pentagon and the C.I.A.

How naïve must one be to swallow such propaganda! And to refer to Russian totalitarianism as "socialism" is equally so. *David Rodnick*
Professor Emeritus
Texas Tech University

CORRECTION

A Moscow dateline was mistakenly attached to Fred Halliday's editorial "Consumer Demand" in the September 20 issue of *The Nation*. Halliday reported the piece from London sources.

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EDITORIALS.

Dangerous Game

The American reaction to Iraq's invasion of Iran in defiance of international law has been two-faced. Until late last week, when President Jimmy Carter mildly labeled Iraq "an invading nation," the White House vaguely spoke of its neutrality—and yet in practice took every opportunity to introduce military personnel in the Arabian Peninsula wherever they would be accepted.

Although Washington may have hoped initially for a quick, surgical strike by Iraq that lopped off Iran's oil provinces and destabilized the Khomeini regime, Iranian resistance has prevented this, to practically everyone's surprise. Yet there are now ominous signs that U.S. policy makers have embraced the idea of a protracted war, because the cold warriors on the National Security Council would like to see the Arab oil kingdoms move into a deeper military dependence on the United States. Ever since the proclamation of the Carter Doctrine, Washington has been searching for a larger security role in the Gulf. The Iraqi-Iranian war provides a dangerous rationale for the introduction of an American military presence.

Already the conditions for such a presence are ripening. The U.S. AWACS sent to Saudi Arabia have reportedly supplied Baghdad with military intelligence. Jordan's King Hussein, who is openly supplying the Iraqi war effort through the port of Aqaba, reportedly received assurances from Saudi Arabia that the port of Jiddah could be used for a similar purpose. Iraqi aircraft have been sequestered in various havens in Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates. The Saudi Foreign Minister warns American television audiences that an Iranian attack on any of the oil sheikdoms along the Persian Gulf would draw his country into the war, while President Hassan Bani-Sadr of Iran says repeatedly that he would order air strikes on the oilfields of

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any Arab state that intervened on Iraq's behalf.

The dangers these threats and counterthreats pose is clear. In the long term, the war should jolt us into awareness of how essential it is for the United States to achieve the kind of democratic control over its energy resources that, as Robert Engler so eloquently argues on page 1, is necessary for energy self-sufficiency. But more immediately, our Government should stop conniving with the oil kingdoms of Arabia.

Rather than playing pick-up-sticks in the volatile Gulf region, we should tell the Arabian princes not to count on American protection if Iran exacts retribution for their support of Iraq's war effort. Carter must follow up his condemnation of Iraqi aggression with two steps: first, the United States should forcefully push for a toughly worded U.N. Security Council resolution calling upon Iraq to withdraw its troops from Iranian territory. And second, Carter should respond positively to Soviet Chairman Leonid Brezhnev's letter inviting both powers to pledge nonintervention in the region.

The imminent disaster of a widening war, spilling over into neighboring Arab states in which American military personnel are stationed, should underscore the absolute necessity for Soviet-American communication. Call it by its nasty name if you will—but never was there a time when we needed détente more than now, when an energy war threatens to engulf the entire Middle East.

CAMPAIGN WATCH

Moderation Derby

The fourth from the last week of the Presidential campaign was marked by two kinds of "moderation," as the national press saw it. Carter was said to moderate his anti-Reagan language and Reagan continued rewriting his own history and nourishing his reputed lead in the polls with a diet of his own swallowed words, incredibly and unbelievably scuttling toward an imagined center as he ate them.

That left nothing for the ever-articulate Anderson to do in the moderation derby, since moderateness has always been his thing. He was therefore seen as fading, sagging and lagging, his only hope being that he would find himself before the cameras with a moderator and the two other hopefuls.

It is hard not to focus on the "perception" of the media in this so-called campaign, boring as that may be, because the way in which the major media report the doings of the candidates has become the determinant of what they do. Carter and his handlers are said to be outraged that the political writers are neglecting his slings and arrows against Reagan. What the national press reports is not the substance of what Carter says about Reagan's curious set of stances but the "effect" of these barbs as the reporters assess them from polls, tea leaves and gossip. A characteristic example is the judgment (report?) of Edward Walsh of *The Washington Post* on October 14 that the President's "strident and ineffective" attacks on Reagan "forced [him] to admit publicly last week that his harsh rhetoric had been a mistake."

What the embattled President has been understandably trying to do is to call attention to the striking contrast between what Reagan is now saying and what he has said and done in the past, not to mention the fierce heroics of the Republican platform. Even *The Wall Street Journal* has had to take note of what the headline over its article of October 10 called "Reagan's Elusive Positions." The more accurate word would have been "reversed," for that is what Reagan nonchalantly has done in a campaign the *Journal* man calls "highly programmed and packaged."

One thing that can be confidently predicted is that, if Reagan loses, the ultra-right that is his true base will turn on him ferociously and, after ripping him and his counselors apart for their abandonment of the faith, develop a more virulent strain of reactionary activism. It is not hard to imagine that the Independent of 1984 might be a candidate representing the totality of New Rightism, like Gen. Alexander Haig. And such a candidacy might do frighteningly well if the two centrist parties continue to decline in sense and vigor.

If there is a hopeful note on the current scene, it may be found in the Congressional contests. By most accounts, Senator John Culver of Iowa, an unafraid liberal, has recaptured the lead in his race, running aggressively on his record, trimming no sails and paying no heed to the alleged new-conservative mood. And the voters of this country have

COMING UP IN THE NATION

Next Week: SPECIAL ELECTION ISSUE

James Baldwin—"My Black Vote and Ours: Notes Concerning the House of Bondage"

Ronnie Dugger—"The Compleat Reagan —in His Own Words"

Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers—"The Empire Strikes Back: Behind the New Militarism"

Letters on William Appleman Williams's essay, "Is the Idea and Reality of America Possible Without Empire?" Reply by William Appleman Williams

* * *

November 8 Issue—

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

Reviews by Peter Steinfels (Ronald Steel's *Walter Lippmann*), Barbara Grizzuti Harrison (Studs Terkel's *American Dreams*), Phyllis Rose (Justin Kaplan's *Walt Whitman*), Morris Dickstein (Joe Klein's *Woody Guthrie*), Roger Rosenblatt (Jean Strouse's *Alice James*), Dan Wakefield (Hilma Wolitzer's *Hearts*) & more more more.

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shown a heartening tendency to check or balance a "conservative" in the White House with more "liberals" in Congress. Nixon's effort to produce a "veto-proof" Congress in 1974 was a notable failure, and in the Nixon sweep of 1972, for example, Dick Clark of Iowa, James Abourezk of South Dakota and Floyd Haskell of Colorado made it to the Senate.

The worry would be that if Carter pulls it off, the check to that might be a new freshet of right-wingers in Congress. Political scientists, as they call themselves, tend to doubt this kind of "oceanic" drift in the electorate, but there is evidence to support it. There should be a better rationale for sending George McGovern back to the Senate.

To end on a slightly less gloomy note about our institutions, I would suggest that there is reason to have hope in the way some of the Congressional contests seem to be going, against the current of tens of millions of benighted dollars. And, of course, if Reagan were 50 years old, with the energy actually to do half the things his record foretells, would he be making those inroads into the "blue-collar" vote that the conventional wisdom says he is making? Of all the rhetoric washing over them, I don't believe the voters are swallowing a tenth. BLAIR CLARK

Blair Clark is contributing editor of The Nation.

Soldiers' Pay

A Marine corporal named Anthony Casamento warmed the heart of America recently by winning a thirty-eight-year battle for the Congressional Medal of Honor. Meanwhile, another, lesser-known tale of a scorned soldier, Sgt. Wayne Robert Felde, was being spun out in the heartland of Louisiana.

Felde and Casamento are both war-decorated veterans. Like Casamento, Felde stood on a hill behind a machine gun and fended off the enemy. Both, limping on crutches, stood recently before high authority and had conferred upon them the belated emblems of their war service. Casamento got the Medal of Honor. Felde received a sentence to the electric chair.

It comes as no surprise to find that while Casamento is a 59-year-old veteran of Guadalcanal, Felde is a 31-year-old veteran of Pleiku firebase in Vietnam. To hear Felde's story is to hear a sickening echo of so many Vietnam veterans who came back, mentally wrecked, to a changed country where medals were thrown out and war heroes had become villains, where life was a descending spiral of betrayal, drugs and crime. Within two years of his return in 1970, Felde got mixed up with an ex-convict whom he killed in a fight. Afterward, he went berserk, yelling "Vietnam, Vietnam, come and get me!" He spent three years in jail, escaped, came up from the lam to be with his dying mother, and was captured shortly after her death. Handcuffed in a squad car, Felde killed a police officer during a struggle for a gun, a fight that left him with one-half a liver, one kidney and a useless right leg. The defense, which is appealing the August 22 murder conviction and death sentence, brought in more than 100 witnesses, including psychiatrists and scientists, to testify that Felde had been driven insane by Vietnam and by intensive exposure to the defoliant Agent Orange, which left him with, among other disorders, raw bleeding sores.

Casamento, in his repeated petitions for honor, searched long and finally found witnesses who would testify to his heroism, to the sheer artistic beauty of his singlehandedly holding off a Japanese battalion, blood dripping from the fourteen wounds in his body, his dead buddies all around him; an act so pure and perfect that he got even the Japanese colonel whom he whipped to salute him in an affidavit. The war hero found witnesses who, in effect, sounded the chords of Horace: what glory there is in battle, how sweet and honorable it is to die for one's country.

Felde, on the other hand, sought and found witnesses who would voice a quite different sentiment. On the stand, he recalled his experience in Vietnam, as a boy of 19, "picking up pieces of our guys to send home. . . . I cried for guys I didn't even know. I thought of their moms and my mom and someone offered me a reefer. I never smoked it before and . . . I smoked it then and from then on." Felde's defense lawyer found witnesses who testified that local police in Shreveport, Louisiana, furious at the death of a fellow officer, repeatedly twisted his shattered ankle in the hospital, that jail guards punctured his colostomy bag to humiliate him, denied him his pain medicine and refused him a doctor when he contracted a lump on his chest. All these witnesses testified not in Shreveport but in Alexandria, where the Louisiana Supreme Court, in an unprecedented move, ordered Felde's trial transferred because of "massive pretrial prejudicial publicity."

Felde's witnesses, in effect, echoed Hemingway, who wrote: "There is nothing sweet nor fitting in your dying [for your country]. You will die like a dog for no good reason." While President Jimmy Carter slipped the medal around the crippled but proud frame of Casamento, a tired Felde asked the Alexandria jury to give him death, on the ground that he could not endure the pain of life as a cripple in jail.

The tales of Casamento and Felde, unraveling as they have with Homeric drama, are metaphors, fairy tales even, for what has happened to two generations in our lifetime; a metaphor for the different realities that, in the not too distant past, served to rip asunder fathers who fought a just war from their sons who did not. If time has allowed us to honor war heroes of decades past—in movies, in books, in special White House ceremonies—we have already forgotten the thousands of more recent veterans—in hospitals, drug centers, jails—who, far from fighting for medals, are fighting for their lives. LUCINDA FRANKS

Lucinda Franks, the author of Waiting Out a War: The Exile of Private John Picciano *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) is currently working on a novel. A former* New York Times *reporter, she won the Pulitzer Prize for National Reporting in 1971.*

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ARTICLES.

COUP BY PROXY

America's Pro-Iraqi Neutrality

RICHARD FALK

The Iraqi-Iranian war has drifted out of control, endangering wider interests in regional peace and oil security. Such a development arises, in part, out of an ill-conceived response by the Carter Administration to the original Iraqi attack. It seems timely to pose some hard questions about what might have been Washington's motives and behavior.

Until the Iraqi attack of last month the United States had consistently opposed territorial adjustment by military means. Back in 1956, the United States went so far as to oppose its closest allies, England and France, when they attacked Egypt in retaliation for Abdel Gamel Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal. More recently, the Carter Administration has lent diplomatic support to a genocidal leader, Pol Pot, allegedly because his regime in Cambodia was the victim of Vietnamese aggression.

Yet in the early stages of the Iraqi-Iranian war, the United States departed from this emphasis on aggression and opted for a stance of "neutrality." To be neutral as between an apparently victorious aggressor and a weaker victim is to take sides, as well as to overlook the refusal of modern international law to allow territorial changes by recourse to force. It is tempting to dismiss the whole episode as one more instance of President Jimmy Carter's ineptitude, or perhaps to say that he was locked into a posture of neutrality by the anti-Iranian tenor of domestic public opinion in this pre-election period. Some suggest, also, that certain intense anti-Khomeini attitudes, especially among the most pro-Western Arab leaders, led the United States to tilt toward Iraq to avoid alienating its few remaining "friends" in this vital region.

The pro-Iraqi policy had to be disguised as much as possible. To be more explicit about the U.S. role could have endangered the lives of the hostages or certainly, right on the eve of the election, vastly complicated their release. Furthermore, Israeli concerns about the Iraqi menace also may explain Washington's reticence to acknowledge what it was doing. In fact, Zbigniew Brzezinski's belief that American interests are far more with the Arabs than with Israel may underlie the tilt, and with it, the grand project of ridding the region of the Iranian threat to our Arab "friends," that is, regimes. In this regard, Ayatollah Khomeini's Islamic revolution poses as much a threat to the Arab left as it does to the Arab right—hence, the strange alliance in the conflict between the Baathists of Baghdad and the dynastic regimes of privilege around the Persian Gulf.

Incidentally, the pro-Iraqi tilt is unmistakable if one considers other aspects of the United States' role. A few days into the war it was announced that Iraqi warplanes were being given electronic surveillance protection by U.S. Air Force AWACS (Airborne Warning and Control System) planes operating out of Saudi Arabia. Carter's insistence that the Strait of Hormuz must stay open come what may in the conflict is also one-sided diplomacy. Because of the geography of the region, such a warning could have been meant only for the Iranians because they alone had the naval forces, land position and strategic incentive to block passage in retaliation for their initial battlefield setback and losses of territory. There is nothing inappropriate about Carter's emphasis on the importance of navigational rights through this strait which carries some 60 percent of the world's imported oil. What seems strange is to stress our commitment to world order without making any serious diplomatic attempt at the same time to deny Iraq the fruit of its aggression. True, representatives of the Carter Administration have in more recent days indicated their disapproval of the vast extension of Iraq's original claims, but only after it became evident that a quick strike could not wrest control of Iran's vital oil-producing province of Khuzestan. After the initial Iraqi failure to pull off its quick strike, the planners of such policy in Washington may have calculated that the continuation of the war would damage national interest so greatly that the original Iraqi undertaking needed to be renounced and peace restored.

It is hardly surprising that most people would not expect the United States to have given its initial backing to Iraq. After all, Iraq has been rabidly anti-American for many years and has remained, at least on the surface, in Moscow's orbit, which remains its principal arms supplier. True, Saddam Hussein, Iraq's autocratic leader, has taken of late to executing prominent members of the Iraqi Communist Party and sending various positive economic and political signals to the West. His keen ambition to take over the Shah of Iran's old role of regional guarantor of stability is no secret.

Still, the United States and the West generally cannot tolerate warfare in the oil-producing areas of the Middle East, especially if, as here, refining facilities are badly damaged and oil flows disrupted. Perhaps the current oil glut at a time of global recession may enable us to get through this new crisis without long gas lines and sharply steeper prices at the pump, although even this is less and less assured. What seems obvious is that overt warfare in the Persian Gulf area poses a severely dangerous threat to the security of Western energy supplies, indeed to the economic

Richard Falk, a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board, is Albert G. Milbank Professor of international law and practice at Princeton University. He is the author of* A Study of Future Worlds *(Free Press) and* A Global Approach to National Policy *(Harvard University Press).*

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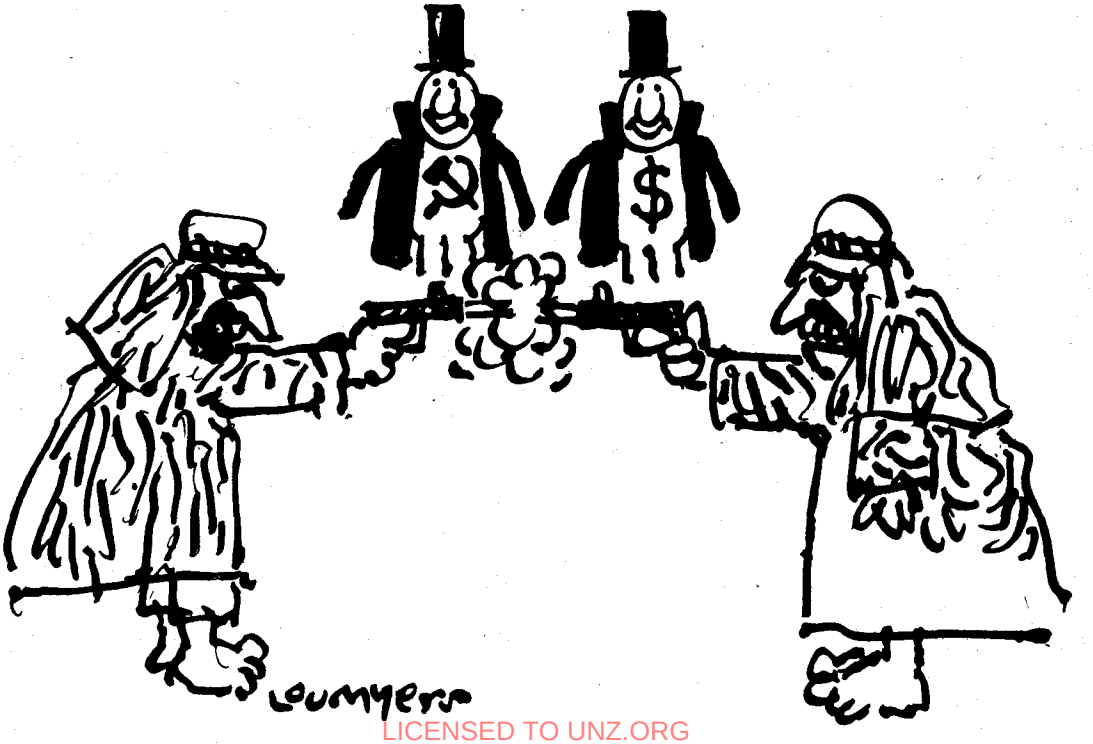
viability of the entire industrial world, as well as to the precarious character of "balance" in the region. For these reasons, neutrality as a response to Iraqi aggression against Iran seemed woefully inadequate, no matter how badly U.S.-Iranian relations had deteriorated.

But let us consider for a moment an entirely different way of thinking about the Iraqi-Iranian war. What if the real objective of the Iraqi attack were the decisive weakening of Iran or even the overthrow of Khomeini and the restoration of a Western-oriented military regime? In this event, Iraqi territorial claims to the Shatt al Arab waterway and its insistence that disputed islands near the western entrance to the Strait of Hormuz be returned to the United Arab Emirates, if not pretexts, must seem distinctly secondary goals as compared to getting control over the oil of Khuzestan or gaining protection from the outreach of Khomeini's Islamic revolution. It is worth noticing that Iraqi leaders from the outset emphasized their demands for Iranian nonintervention, "good neighborliness" and a cease-fire *in place* as strongly as their insistence on reclaiming their territory and water rights.

Iraq is ruled by a nervous, insecure and unscrupulous Sunni minority elite that is confronted by a restive oppressed Shiite majority. Its strong man leader, Saddam Hussein, has been the dominant force in the Iraqi Baathist socialist party ever since it seized power in 1968, yet he has been formally President only since mid-1979. Hussein's leadership has been harsh, although economically reformist. He has steered Iraq toward Moscow until recently and has held fast to the most inflexible of anti-Israeli positions. Khomeini, who was expelled from Iraq in late 1978 after fifteen years of residence in exile, has seemed especially resentful about Iraqi politics. Since the revolution, he has repeatedly called upon the people of Iraq "to rise up and topple this corrupt regime in your Islamic country" and refers to Hussein as an "infidel" and "a foe of the Koran and Islam." These are strong words coming from a figure who enjoys an intense following among the Islamic masses, but especially among Iraqi Shiites, who constitute between 55 and 60 percent of Iraq's population.

Iraq's ruler has reacted strongly to Khomeini's provocation. The Government has dealt brutally with religious figures suspected of opposition activity, apparently murdering Iraq's most renowned Shiite leader, Imam Bakr al-Sadr. Iraqi jails are crammed with political prisoners, and arbitrary executions of opponents have been occurring at a rate estimated to be as high as fifty per month, and in recent months thousands of ethnically Iranian Shiites resident in Iraq have been summarily rounded up by Hussein, loaded into trucks and dumped onto the Iranian side of the border. The leadership of Baghdad has done more from the beginning of Iran's Islamic republic. It has supported the effort of the Shah's last Prime Minister, Shahpur Bakhtiar, to set up an anti-Khomeini movement in loose alliance with former Iranian generals. Iraqi territory has evidently been used to train a "liberation army" and has served as a base for beaming daily counterrevolutionary broadcasts to Iran. Furthermore, Iraqis have themselves been active, stirring up trouble for Teheran among Iranian Kurds and, with more serious consequences, among the Arab majority in the oil-rich province of Khuzestan, where Iraqi terrorists had been at work to disrupt oil production for many months before the invasion. Each side has been doing what it could to bring about the political collapse of the other, but Iraq has acted, while Iran has only talked.

Reporters now confirm the role of Iranian exile generals in masterminding the Iraqi invasion under the leadership of Gen. Gholam Ali Oveissi, the former military commander of Teheran, known in Iran as "the butcher" for his bloody tactics on behalf of the former Shah during the Iranian revolution. It is hard to believe that these exiles are traitors helping an ancient rival to seize Iranian territory. The only interpretation of their role in support of Baghdad that makes sense is that the Iraqi invasion is part of a broader



DRAWINGS BY LOU MYERS

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plan to provoke political upheaval in Iran. Similarly, the formation of Bakhtiar's government-in-exile in the days following the Iraqi invasion strengthens these suspicions. To take such a step when one's country is under attack by an ancient rival is an extraordinary act of treachery unless linked to a wider political scenario, the last step of which is the control of Iran by Bakhtiar and the exiled generals, widely reported to have reached an "understanding" some months ago.

But, still, mysteries remain. Why attack in late September 1980? Perhaps Iraq sensed that the hostage issue was on its way to resolution, at which point the diplomatic and economic isolation of Iran would diminish. Quite possibly, there was a strong impulse to strike Iran while it was apparently weakened both by its encounter with the United States and by the ongoing internal power struggle. There are also indications that the Iranian exile forces felt increasingly confident of their ability to take advantage of an Iraqi move, possibly planning an invasion of their own or a coup around October 26, the former Shah's birthday. So viewed, the Iraqi invasion might have been intended as a prelude, whether witting or not, to a rightist coup in Teheran aimed at restoring a conservative, Western-oriented government in Iran.

Surely, elements in and close to the American Government must still entertain the fantasy that the good old days can be restored and Iran can again become for us what it was under the Shah, whom Henry Kissinger praised in his memoirs as "that rarest of leaders, an unconditional ally." The recent disclosures by the former American Ambassador in Teheran, William Sullivan, indicate that Brzezinski was shamelessly circumventing the State Department by promoting from the White House a pro-Western military coup during the last stages of the Iranian revolution.

To play the Bakhtiar card at this time must have seemed tempting to the Carter leadership, or elements of it, embarrassed by "the loss of Iran." The main states in the region feel threatened by and hostile toward this Islamic revolution mounted from Iran. They would welcome the downfall of Khomeini, as would Moscow with its large Central Asian Moslem population, its interest in resuming large purchases of Iranian natural gas and its evident nervousness about getting eventually drawn into yet another shooting war, possibly against the United States, because of chaos in Iran. The fall of Khomeini, if easily accomplished, would have been a fantastic pre-election victory for Carter, especially if the hostages could be liberated in the process.

If this line of speculation about the real motives and surprisingly widespread support for the Iraqi attack is even partially correct, it allows us to make somewhat greater sense of Carter's "mysterious" diplomatic stance. He looks less foolish. The objective of neutrality was to put maximum pressure on the Iranian revolution without taking an overtly pro-Iraqi step that could backfire in many ways, conceivably leading to the immediate trial and execution of some American hostages. The fate of the hostages, however, in the event that the Bakhtiar-Oveissi forces invade or seize power, would also be a large unknown, especially if evidence of official U.S. encouragement is found or believed in Iran, but at least then the geopolitical game would more than nullify the loss of these American lives.

Should we feel grateful about the possibility of such undercover American diplomacy? Not at all. First of all, even if one shared such an interpretation of American interests, the plan greatly exaggerates the vulnerability of the Khomeini movement to a takeover by hostile forces. In actuality, Khomeini continues to enjoy mass support, especially against outsiders. Even the Shah's son reportedly volunteered to fight against the Iraqi invaders, and surely the indications that anti-Khomeini military leaders sided with Iraq in planning the attack will make them appear more than ever as "criminals" to a wide range of Iranian public opinion. This attack on Iran's borders has so far strongly unified the country behind Khomeini rather than deepened the postrevolutionary fissures. Long ago in 1961, the United States sponsored an abortive effort at the Bay of Pigs to topple Fidel Castro by reliance on an invading army of liberating exiles. The counterrevolutionary spark that was supposed to ignite a huge uprising never struck.

There is emerging now a clear image of what Iraq may have originally intended. It seemed that the Iraqis' aim was probably to seize Khuzestan quickly, perhaps later withdrawing in favor of the exile forces or possibly installing an indigenous puppet regime in the name of Arab autonomy. Iran, without its oil-producing region, would be fatally wounded as a state. Such a circumstance might have been expected to produce an Iranian civil war, the collapse of the Islamic revolution, the permanent partition of Iran or some combination. In either event, Iraq would become the preeminent regional force and Khomeini, if not liquidated, would at least no longer be in a position to pose much of a threat.

Whether Iraq's numerous backers in the region, especially Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Egypt, were fully cl..d in on such a scheme is not entirely known. These allies of Iraq may have believed that Iraq's stated end of the invasion—rectification of a boundary dispute and of jurisdiction over three Persian Gulf islands—would by itself have opened the way to counterrevolution in the form of Bakhtiar. We may have to wait months, even years, before the diplomatic underpinnings of Iraq's attack can be discerned with confidence. But already the evidence seems overwhelming that Khomeini's enemies in the region lent their support to an Iraqi military attack, expecting undoubtedly to reap political benefits from a quick, easy victory. Now that Iraq's plans have been stalemated, temporarily at least, by Iran's unexpected resolve, there may be a drastic scaling down of Iraqi objectives, including the stage-two plan to turn the Iranian exiles loose.

For the sake of the American hostages, peace in the region, the wider Western concern about oil, limiting Soviet influence and restoring confidence in U.S. foreign policy, let us hope that the U.S. Government or some of its elements have not been actively encouraging these typically

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harebrained exile plans to overthrow Khomeini. It would be dangerous folly that could still produce tragic results. Unfortunately, given what we know about Brzezinski's approach to Iran all along and about the Central Intelligence Agency's past pattern of intervention in the region, we need at least to be alert to this possibility.

The Iraqi-Iranian war is, after all, much more than its original description as a border conflict. Perhaps Carter's diplomacy during this period is as naïve as it claims to be, but the gathering evidence suggests more sinister lines of explanation. These Carter-Brzezinski years should have taught us to brace ourselves for nasty surprises when it comes to foreign policy. Ineptitude is the best we can expect, but even here the form of ineptitude may be tied to some very dubious foreign policy objectives. □

THE OMNIVOROUS EAR

Time to Get The Bugs Out

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

The Government's annual report on electronic surveillance came out a few months ago, and in the 104-page mass of numbers, one item stands out: Although the total number of court orders authorizing electronic eavesdropping was down, for the second year in a row, the number of room bugs installed by Federal prosecutors was up—from an average of seventeen annually between 1969 and 1977 to thirty in 1978 and in 1979. As a proportion of total surveillance including wiretapping and various eavesdropping devices, the rise is even greater. During 1969-77, room bugs were used in only about 13 percent of the annual interceptions but in 1978-79, the proportion almost tripled, to 37 percent.

This increase is disquieting. Although almost nobody during the last fifteen years has paid much attention to the differences between tapping and bugging, the fact is that the room bug is much worse than the telephone tap. For one thing, the bug is more omnivorous. Whereas a tap catches only the occasional phone conversation, the bug overhears every utterance in the room or office being monitored. And one can cut down on the use of the phone, one can try to avoid using it for sensitive matters. But how escape a microphone hidden in a bedroom or office, secretly overhearing and taping every conversation hour after hour? When the police listen in on the telephone, they can try to "minimize"—that is, limit their eavesdropping to just the relevant conversations (though they often do not, and the Burger Supreme Court has given them a great deal of leeway in this regard). But even if they wanted to, police cannot be selective in their eavesdropping on the many, many random conversations in a home or business.

Lawyers and other witnesses who testified before a national commission reviewing the experience under the 1968 electronic surveillance law generally agreed that, as one of them put it, "Minimization with a bug is virtually impossible because bugs are indiscriminate and overhear all speakers." An experienced New York State Supreme Court judge said, "A bug is nondiscriminatory, a blotter, all-absorbing, picking up everything said by anyone who happens to be in the room. It is virtually impossible to minimize with a bug, particularly if it is placed in an area with high public access." Inevitably, the most intimate or legally privileged conversations are listened to. Wives, husbands, lovers, children, friends, visitors, lawyers, doctors—all have been secretly overheard on these bugs, often for hours on end and in conversations that have absolutely nothing to do with the matter under investigation.

The classic "blotter" was, of course, J. Edgar Hoover's illegal and vindictive bugging of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. from 1963 until King's death in 1968. As Victor Navasky points out in *Kennedy Justice*, Hoover successfully pressured Robert Kennedy into allowing the Federal Bureau of Investigation to tap and bug Dr. King with the argument that several of Dr. King's close associates—including the late Stanley Levison, one of the noblest and most beloved figures in the civil rights movement—were Communists or "under Communist influence." The Church Committee found that in 1964 and 1965, the F.B.I. installed at least fifteen bugs in hotel rooms occupied by Dr. King. These bugs, the committee concluded,

> . . . produced vast amounts of personal information that were totally unrelated to any legitimate governmental interest; indeed, a single hotel room bug alone yielded twenty reels of tape that subsequently provided the basis for the dissemination of personal information about Dr. King throughout the Federal establishment. Significantly, the FBI internal memoranda with respect to some of the installations make clear that they were planted in Dr. King's hotel rooms for the express purpose of obtaining personal information about him.

In one respect, the King episode wasn't unique. Several Wiretap Commission members noted how frequently "bugs are . . . planted in bedrooms, giving rise to serious questions of marital privacy."

Not only are bugs so intrusive but it is almost impossible to install one without either breaking into the building or by a trick. The Brooklyn District Attorney's office, for example, told the National Wiretap Commission that installation "almost always requires a forced entry, sometimes taking as many as three hours." In the Bronx, people are more subtle. "One way of accomplishing [an entry]," reported the Bronx D.A.'s office, "is by arranging for the subject's phone to be knocked out of service and then sending in a police officer who pretends to be a phone man and who installs a new phone which has a bug."

Because of the differences between telephone tapping and

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room bugging, much of the Government's early efforts to obtain authority to employ electronic surveillance did not include a request for the right to bug. When Congressman Kenneth Keating introduced a bill in 1961 to grant the police this authority, the Justice Department refused to support it, noting that "until this area with all of its ramifications is carefully explored, legislation should not be enacted." The only known "exploration" of this area during the next seven years was the revelation of widespread and flagrantly illegal bugging by the F.B.I. in the name of "national security," which several Attorneys General unsuccessfully tried to stop. This was apparently enough exploration to justify legitimating it without further study or debate when the electronic surveillance laws were enacted in 1968 and 1978.

Despite its greater intrusiveness, bugging turns out to be an ineffective investigative device. The Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts has issued annual reports on the amount, cost and results of wiretapping and bugging since 1968, when the Wiretap Act was passed. In many cases, bugs are installed in conjunction with taps—there were 226 such combinations from 1968 through 1979—so in order to isolate bugging and its results, it makes sense to examine the cases where only bugs were installed, of which there were some 308 during this period.

The figures on the results are depressing and fully confirm the almost unanimous judgment of prosecutors surveyed by the Wiretap Commission that bugs are not very useful. Electronic surveillance in general is not a very productive technique, despite the enthusiastic claims made by wiretap advocates at the time the 1968 legislation was before Congress. Over the years, only about a third of the cases in which electronic surveillance was used involved convictions, and these were usually only for minor gambling and narcotics offenses. And in many cases analyzed by judges and the Wiretap Commission staff, the wiretap evidence was found to be unnecessary or irrelevant, so the one-third figure is probably too high. [See Schwartz, "The Wiretap Decade," *The Nation*, September 8, 1979.] For example, the "success" percentage in drug investigations where electronic surveillance is used is reported to be close to 50 percent, but a Wiretap Commission staff study of Federal wiretapping in New York City concluded that although "arrests and convictions frequently followed the conclusion of the operation of taps or bugs . . . for the most part these dispositions were the result of evidence already obtained through the use of consensual evidence or through buys made by agents or informants."

With room bugs, the reported results are still more meager. On the Federal level, where the information is probably most reliable and where one would expect the most expertise, the figures for 1968-77 (the most recent available) show that convictions resulted in only thirteen of the sixty-four cases in which evidence obtained from bugging was used. That 20 percent success rate contrasts with the 33 percent reported for electronic surveillance in general. Four out of five bugs thus resulted in nothing.

And as with taps, in at least some of the cases where a bug was used and good results obtained, the device may not have been necessary. In a New York City murder investigation, for example, a bug and a tap were installed and a murder indictment followed. Although the District Attorney reported this result as attributable to the bug, the Wiretap Commission staff found that the indictment "was based entirely on an independent investigation" and was "most definitely not attributable to electronic surveillance."

Most of the convictions in which bugs were involved were for gambling and other less-than-heinous offenses. A Federal "espionage" case in which a bug was installed produced two convictions for a conspiracy to export nonsecret navigational devices without a permit, and even these convictions were reversed because the appeals court found the conduct was not illegal. In a Queens gambling case, police bugged a social club and a candy store for some five months. Only a few very minor gambling convictions came from the investigation, and even these did not result from the bugs. In discussing this case, the Wiretap Commission staff remarked that despite the meager results, the Queens District Attorney had nevertheless reported that almost 900 intercepted conversations were "incriminating." Overall, the staff concluded, "the case was not supervised by the judiciary [this is all too common on the state and local levels] and vast sums of money were wasted in inconsequential gambling prosecutions."

Perhaps the most widely publicized bugging in recent years was the "Gold Bug" installed by Brooklyn D. A. Eugene Gold. In 1972, he spent four months and hundreds of thousands of dollars bugging a trailer used by some notorious organized-crime figures in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn. More than 650 people were overheard on 1.6 million feet of tape. Result: thirty-seven quick guilty pleas to minor gambling charges, which drew $100 fines, and three contempt and perjury convictions.

The poor results produced by bugging are in no small part due to technical failings. As the National Wiretap Commision staff pointed out:

> They may hear very little, their transmission may be inaudible, they may break down, or they may be discovered. On the other hand, the device may hear too much and too well, with the result that every sound in the room, including the background noise, is transmitted, and conversations cannot be understood.

Another drawback of bugs is that they are expensive. In 1979, the average cost of electronic surveillance in general was more than $46,000 per Federal installation, not including the very high-priced lawyers' and judges' time spent in processing the papers. A bug in a New York City drug case installed in early 1979 has cost $880,397. It operated for three and a half months and overheard fifty-five people. No convictions have been obtained, although it cannot be said at this juncture that none will. Two other 1979 bugs in New York, which reportedly cost $166,781 and $144,196, have also yielded meager results so far.

This March, Assistant Attorney General Philip Heymann testified that "there is no way that we can do wholly without

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bugs or microphones." He qualified this immediately in his next sentence, however, saying, "We could, but it would be extremely costly." One can't help wondering about Heymann's cost/benefit calculus.

This is not to say that bugs are never productive. Like any investigative device, they will sometimes prove useful—the Wiretap Commission found such a success story in a New Jersey case. But on balance, the harm from bugging far outweighs its minimal value.

In light of this spotty record, one would think that law-enforcement agencies would be using fewer bugs and that the law permitting them would be written off as an experiment that failed. State and local authorities, which have always done proportionately less bugging than the Federal authorities, have indeed been cutting back. But, as noted earlier, Federal usage has risen from an average of seventeen installations during 1969-77 to thirty in 1979. Almost all of these were the F.B.I.'s, since the Drug Enforcement Administration has not found it worth installing a bug in the last two years. And the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act of 1978 authorizes the Federal authorities to bug as well as tap in order to monitor the activities of foreign agents.

So far, the inherent mechanical limitations on bugs have held down their use. But as the technology improves, these limitations will dwindle. When that happens, there will be even fewer places to hide from Big Brother. □

SNUFFING OUT DISSENT

Chun 'Purifies' South Korea

MICHAEL CHINOY

Seoul

The death sentence ordered in September for former presidential candidate Kim Dae Jung is merely the most visible manifestation of a nationwide wave of repression unprecedented in recent South Korean history. While the 54-year-old Kim and twenty-three other leading dissidents were being tried and convicted on sedition charges by a military tribunal in Seoul, tens of thousands of people throughout Korea were forced from their jobs, expelled from their schools or detained as "hooligans" and sent to re-education camps by the martial-law regime of President Chun Doo Hwan.

As Kim's trial concluded, however, a bigger and potentially more explosive trial was getting underway in the provincial capital of Kwangju, the scene of an anti-Government insurrection last May. Unlike the proceedings against Kim, which were open to diplomatic observers and local and foreign journalists (although press accounts were heavily censored), the Kwangju trial is being held in absolute secrecy.

All that is known is that the trial involves 172 people, ranging from students to professors to priests, who participated in the spring protests. The 172 have been charged with a variety of offenses and are being tried in a military court. Beyond this, no other information is available. There are unconfirmed reports that some of the defendants have been mistreated in jail, and diplomatic analysts and sources in Kwangju believe many of them have been denied lawyers of their choice because a number of attorneys were intimidated by the authorities and refused to handle the case.

Unfortunately, there is no way of ascertaining the truth of these reports. It is, however, worth noting that virtually all the defendants in the Kim Dae Jung case made similiar claims—that they had been tortured in prison and that the regime had pressured would-be defense lawyers into dropping the case in favor of Government-appointed attorneys.

The trial of the "Kwangju 172" is not the only sign of the Government's continuing campaign to eliminate its political opponents and consolidate its hold on power. In the aftermath of the uprising, many activists in the city simply disappeared. It is still unclear how many were arrested or killed and how many went underground or fled the country. One sign that at least some Kwangju dissidents continue not only to elude the grasp of the authorities but to make the Government uneasy is that the reward for turning in weapons seized from the army during last spring's rebellion was recently raised from $163 to $1,663.

The disappearances have been coupled with continuing arrests of suspected dissidents, an expansion of the Government's network of informers, the offer of a $32 reward to anyone turning in "impure elements" to the police and regular two-man street patrols by soldiers armed with rifles. These measures have created what one Kwangju resident called "an atmosphere of paranoia"—an atmosphere further exacerbated by the forced dismissal of high-level court judges, teachers, journalists and many others in purges ordered by the Government.

But while the mood in Kwangju is, understandably, more highly charged than elsewhere, similar developments have been taking place throughout South Korea. The key weapon in the Government's crackdown has been the "purification committee," a brainchild of President Chun. Virtually every institution in South Korea—factories, shops, churches, newspapers, offices—has been ordered to establish such committees. With close links to the Korean C.I.A. and military intelligence, the committees have been charged with the job of rooting out all "impure" individuals. The definition of impurity has been left up to the authorities, which has meant that most of those targeted for "purification" have been critics of the Government.

Creation of the committees has made many Koreans fearful of speaking openly about politics not only in public places such as restaurants or taxis but even in their own homes. Said one longtime foreign resident of Seoul, "I've never seen people so scared, not even during the most repressive days of the late President Park Chung Hee."

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Even as it has been clamping down on its opponents with an approach one diplomat described, in a passionately mixed metaphor, as "playing hardball below the belt," President Chun's military-dominated regime has moved to "civilianize" itself and gain greater political legitimacy. At the core of this effort has been the publication of a new Constitution to replace the Yushin or "Revitalizing" Constitution of the late President Park.

In many ways, the new Constitution, the subject of a nationwide referendum on October 22, is more democratic than Park's. Top-level Government officials point out that the new document provides several safeguards, at least on paper, against the authoritarianism that characterized Park's years in power. For example, it limits the President to a single seven-year term—a move designed to prevent a repetition of Park's nineteen continuous years in office. It restricts the President's authority to assume emergency powers, increases the influence of the National Assembly, provides for firmer constitutional guarantees of civil rights and restructures the procedures for holding elections to insure greater popular participation in the selection of the President.

But there are three "supplementary articles" to the new Constitution which raise serious questions about just how democratic it will be. The articles call for the disbanding of all existing political parties and the dissolution of the current National Assembly immediately after the October 22 referendum. In place of the legislature, the articles stipulate that a Special Committee on National Security Measures is to govern South Korea until a presidential election, which is to be held before June 1, 1981.

The Special Committee is heavily dominated by the military. In addition to President Chun, a four-star general until he became chief executive in August, its members include the chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, the heads of the army, navy and air force, South Korea's martial-law commander, the director of the much-feared Korean C.I.A., plus the Prime Minister and other Cabinet ministers.

According to the three articles, the Special Committee, in its role as temporary replacement for the National Assembly, will have the right to ban from political life people who in the past were allegedly involved in corruption or responsible for "social unrest." At the same time, the committee will determine the framework for the formation of whatever new political parties are allowed to contest next year's presidential election. Korean officials have promised that these powers will not be used in a "vengeful manner." But many observers remain convinced that the committee will use the legislation to remove anti-Government figures from Korean political life. They point to the forced retirement of twenty-five top-level politicians this summer on similar vaguely worded charges as a chilling sign of possible future developments.

While all this has been taking place, the United States, which has 40,000 troops stationed in South Korea and is the country's closest ally and chief trading partner, has stood uncomfortably on the sidelines. The ferocity and scope of the crackdown has clearly distressed policy makers in Washington and at the U.S. Embassy in Seoul. But, to the dismay of many thoughtful Koreans and a growing number of Americans living and working in Korea, the Carter Administration has been unable or unwilling to exert any meaningful pressure on President Chun to moderate his repressive policies.

The reason for this is clear. Even before the Kim verdict, President Jimmy Carter stated publicly that the United States would not use its security commitment to South Korea, or its close economic ties, to put pressure on the Chun regime. Washington's fear, apparently, is that tampering with the U.S.-Korea defense relationship would encourage instability and undermine the American strategic position in northeast Asia, while economic sanctions would only worsen South Korea's dismal economic situation.

The result is that the United States has been left only with what one embassy official in Seoul called "moral and political pressure," in the form of public statements and behind-the-scenes lobbying. Even in this area, however, the pressuring has been ineffectual and has been totally ignored by the martial-law authorities. The State Department's official reaction to the death sentence against Kim, for example, was exceptionally weak. A one-paragraph statement expressing American "concern" contrasted sharply with strongly worded remarks from the West German Foreign Minister, the Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Japan, Amnesty International and many others.

Since then, the U.S. Embassy has taken an extremely low profile, with embassy officials arguing that further public criticism of Chun would only be counterproductive and damage relations between Washington and Seoul. Meanwhile, a report on the Kim trial prepared by a State Department lawyer sent to Seoul specifically to observe the proceedings has not yet been made public, even though an embassy spokesman assured reporters it would be released within a matter of days after the trial's conclusion.

In the short term, this timid approach may succeed in avoiding a crisis in U.S.-Korean relations which stronger American criticism of the Chun regime might touch off. But quite apart from its implications for the Carter Administration's human-rights policy, the American position has led to what is for South Korea an unprecedented development—stirrings of anti-American sentiment among a strongly anti-Communist and deeply pro-Western population.

Not surprisingly, the feeling has been strongest in Kwangju, where many people continue to believe—incorrectly—that the United States sanctioned the bloody army attack that crushed last spring's uprising at the cost of at least 260 lives. Threats have been telephoned to the American Cultural Center in the city, and some Koreans employed by U.S. firms there have quit in protest. But American residents in Seoul say the feeling exists in the capital as well. And if the United States maintains its subdued response to the repression in South Korea and continues to be perceived by politically conscious Koreans as a supporter of the Chun regime, it is likely that such sentiments will become even more widespread in the future. □

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AFRICA'S TWENTY-YEARS WAR

Report From the Eritrean Front

DAN CONNELL

Somewhere in Eritrea

Random mortar fire rained down on the guerrilla fortifications as we gazed out upon Ethiopian Army positions on the Red Sea coastal plains. "This is normal for us. It is our daily life," said brigade commander Ahmed Chimetti of the Eritrean People's Liberation Front (E.P.L.F.). With a sweep of his arm, he pointed out more than a dozen Soviet T-54 tanks hidden in the sparse brush five kilometers away. The charred hulks of two more lay in the open, where they had been destroyed by the nationalist Eritrean guerrillas in the most recent fighting here.

Behind us, small clusters of armed men and women were busily cleaning weapons, mending clothes, preparing food and in one case singing ballads of the long and bitter war. They paid no attention to the sporadic shelling, though the acrid stench of cordite was thick in our nostrils and the exploding missiles were landing only a few score meters away.

It was a typical scene in this small but strategic strip of northeast Africa where a tenacious people have managed to stymie Ethiopia's Russian-backed army in what has become the longest and by far the largest armed conflict in modern black African history. "We have been fighting now almost twenty years. All the men, all the women, even our children are involved. For us there is no choice—it is either independence or death," a soldier named Stefanos Seyoum told me.

More than 40,000 Ethiopian troops have been tied down for the past eighteen months on two main battlefronts in northern Eritrea, with another 20,000 held in reserve in rear-area cities and garrisons. Yet despite a steady flow of sophisticated Soviet arms, they have been unable to mount a single successful advance during this period. A major new Ethiopian offensive had been predicted here since June, based upon reports of shipments of more Russian tanks, helicopter gunships and even a form of toxic gas, but a series of limited Ethiopian attacks during recent months, apparently designed to win a tactical advantage, have utterly failed.

While this has frustrated plans for the generalized counterinsurgency campaign which the guerrillas say is being masterminded by top-level Russian strategists, Ethiopia's ruling military committee, the Dergue, is fast losing ground in its highly vulnerable rear. Continuing economic and political instability are sapping the junta's capacity to prosecute the war at its present levels, and a host of other nationalist movements are also pressing in upon it. The recently forged alliance of these movements threatens not only to topple the beleaguered Ethiopian regime but to alter the political contours of the strategic African Horn and tarnish the Soviet Union's revolutionary image throughout Africa. For the guerrillas vow to "teach the Russians that revolution can be made without them."

Already the Eritrean nationalists have shown some success in wooing otherwise pro-Soviet movements and states to back their cause. They have picked up some diplomatic support from Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, Guinea-Conakry, Algeria and the Palestine Liberation Organization, and they are actively courting Tanzania, Madagascar, Benin and other leftist African countries. Should this trend continue, the Russians might well find themselves on the outs with their closest allies here.

During a month's tour of the Eritrean warfront last August, I found the guerrillas supremely confident that their nineteen-year war for independence from Ethiopia, which annexed the former Italian colony in 1962, is finally taking a decisive turn in their favor. I also saw the extent to which the Eritrean nationalists are mounting a successful transition to a regional strategy against the Soviet-backed junta. During the past six months, the Eritrean People's Liberation Front has trained several thousand recruits for two other revolutionary groups, the Tigray People's Liberation Front (T.P.L.F.) and the Oromo Liberation Front (O.L.F.), which operate in the heart of Ethiopia. They have also given the other movements captured Russian arms, and are in daily radio contact with the T.P.L.F. in Tigray Province, enabling them to coordinate military and political operations. In June, the E.P.L.F. opened a permanent office in Mogadishu, the Somali capital where the Western Somali Liberation Front is headquartered, and there are indications that they are quietly establishing relations with dissident groups in the Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa. "As far as the future is concerned, we are confident that we will be able to form a united, joint struggle against the Dergue," said E.P.L.F. political bureau member Sebhat Efram. "We are ready to do anything for the consolidation of this unity."

Should the various autonomous opposition groups hold together a working alliance, they would constitute a formidable challenge to the increasingly isolated Government whose base of power is mainly in the urban centers where the traditional ruling Amhara nationality is concentrated. Virtually the only thing keeping them in power today is the supply of Russian arms. The Tigray front is the fastest growing of the newer movements and now claims control of 85 percent of their mountainous northern province despite the 40,000 Ethiopian troops based there. It is the Oromo Liberation Front, however, that poses the most serious threat to the junta, for the people in that southern province constitute more than half of the Ethiopian population and of the army itself. Ethiopia grows most of its coffee in

Dan Connell is a freelance radio and print journalist who has covered the Eritrean war for four years, contributing regularly to Reuters, BBC, Le Monde *and other papers. He is currently writing a book on his experiences with the E.P.L.F.*

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the fertile Oromo region, and coffee sales to Western countries finance the purchase of Russian weaponry.

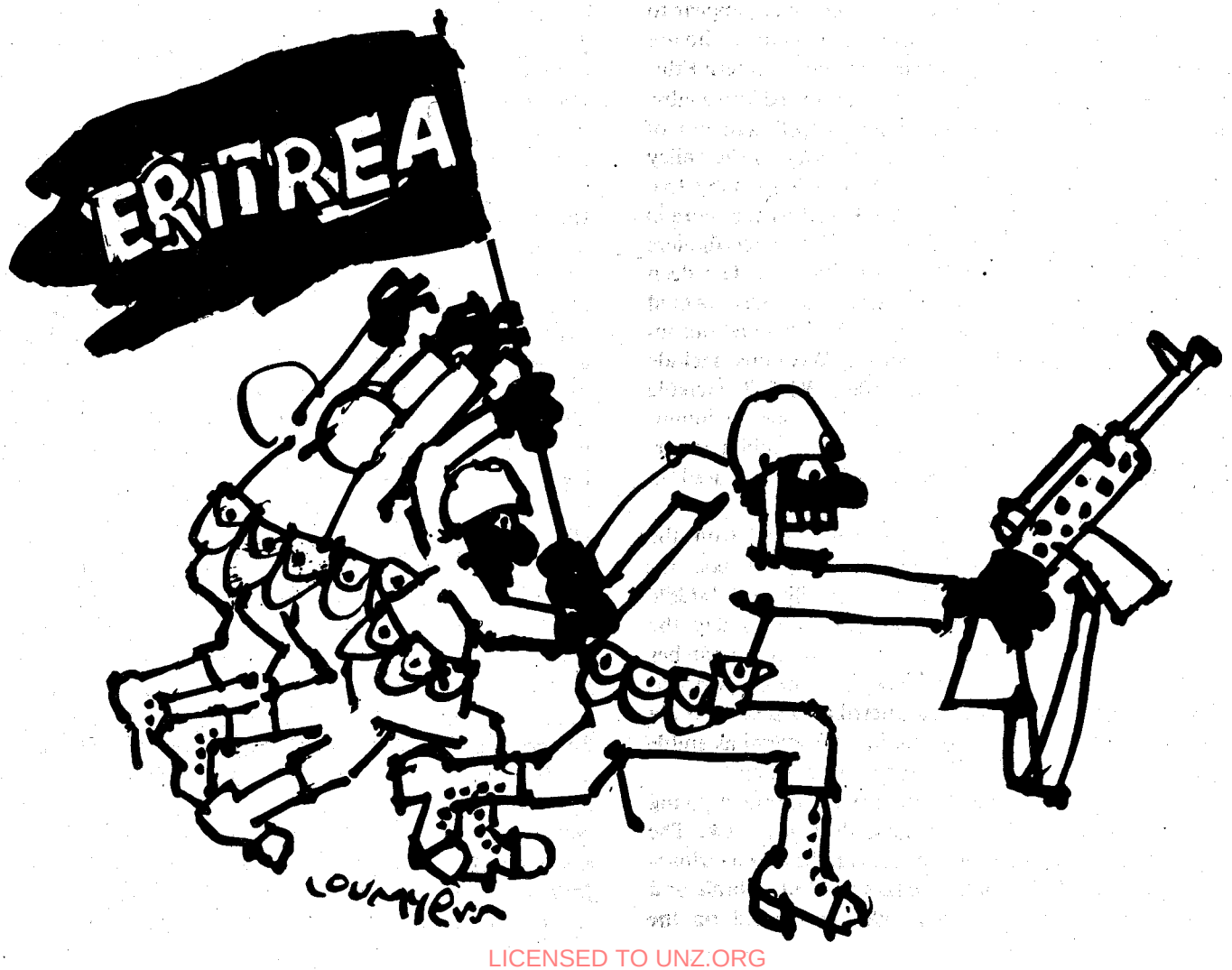
The guerrillas' main strength lies in their popular support. This is visible in the obviously affectionate day-to-day relations between the guerrillas and the impoverished peasant farmers and nomadic herders, and in the flow of contributions to the war effort itself by the civilians. Each guerrilla brigade has its own cultural troupe which regularly performs songs, skits and dances for the villagers and the fighters. A marriage of two veteran guerrillas in one village prompted a feast of celebration attended by 300 local residents which lasted until near dawn. "All the people have suffered at the hands of the enemy," Mohammed Ali, a 60-year-old nomad, told me during the raucous event. "I have lost two nephews and a niece, but we have suffered most as far as our animals are concerned. They have been trying to kill our camels and almost all the animals we own, but regardless of this we are dedicated to winning our independence." Afterward, an E.P.L.F. cadre conducted an all-night political seminar to explain its current strategy. The civilians responded by offering scores of goats and cattle, after which the soldiers distributed second-hand clothes among the people.

The E.P.L.F. has also carried out extensive land reform, and it has reorganized village society to displace the traditional elite by installing new committees of poor peasants, women and young militants. These civilian supporters are highly organized in political associations which administer daily life in the villages and provide an ongoing source of supplies and fresh volunteers for the guerrilla army.

The main weakness of the rebels today is the revival of the long-standing rivalry between the E.P.L.F. and a second, smaller movement, the Eritrean Liberation Front (E.L.F.). Once the most powerful nationalist army in Eritrea, the E.L.F. has been in a sharp decline since the 1977 Soviet intervention. It now appears that this front has changed sides and is in collusion with the Russians against the dominant E.P.L.F.

The two fronts had signed a merger agreement in late 1977, but E.P.L.F. leaders now charge that the E.L.F. has broken the fragile compact and begun harassing their units in the rear areas. Both sides are currently engaged in a war of words that, if continued unchecked, could well touch off a civil war between them. With an armed force of less than 5,000 men, however, the E.L.F. does not appear to be a serious military threat.

Meanwhile, the striking feature of the E.P.L.F. is its highly efficient infrastructure. Within their heavily fortified base area, hundreds of kilometers of crude highways have been carved out of the harsh volcanic terrain with picks, shovels and captured land mines which are used to blast through the hard-packed dirt and shale. Possessed of a fleet of 600 captured trucks and Land Rovers, they have become a



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mechanized army, capable of moving supplies and troops from one trouble spot to another almost overnight.

Each operational zone also has hidden grain mills, small farms, underground repair shops, hospital facilities, supply depots and schools. On a visit to one set of workshops, I found the guerrillas manufacturing spare parts for captured arms, stitching new uniforms, smelting discarded artillery shells and casting hand grenade casings, as well as making school desks, artificial limbs for disabled fighters, shovel blades and other tools.

Much of the daily activity of the rank-and-file guerrilla fighters was not directly military. At the Afabet battlefront, the guerrillas started their day in organized political discussions on the issues facing the Oromo front. By 10 A.M. they were studying simple fractions in a third-grade mathematics class. After a lunch of soft flatbread, spicy lentils and hot sugary tea, they fanned out into work teams to chop trees and dig more tunnels in an effort to strengthen their existing fortifications. A complex maze of shoulder-deep trenches winds back and forth along the edge of the ridge in a random and unpredictable pattern that is intended to make precise targeting difficult for Ethiopia's long-range artillery and MIG aircraft.

The terrain and the brutal climate are key factors in this phase of the war. The mountains neutralize the effectiveness of the Russian armor while the scorching temperatures, to which the Eritreans are accustomed, appear to be taking a heavy toll among the Ethiopian troops, who are drawn mainly from the temperate central and southern Ethiopian highlands. The high cliffs are being turned into a labyrinthine fortress with gun emplacements hollowed out of the hard-packed dirt and shale, gunslits open to the valley below. Squads of guerrillas chop the gnarled stubby tree trunks into short thick logs that are stacked by the score in central locations for use in building roofs. Other fighters hack at the ground with pickaxes and shovels. The deep holes are lined with stone walls a yard thick and covered with layers of wood, rock and dirt, leaving them all but invisible from a short distance away. Weapons include Russian-made AK-47 automatic rifles, RPG-7 grenade launchers and .40-caliber machine guns. On a nearby mountaintop are hidden Soviet T-54 tanks and 120-millimeter artillery pieces, which the guerrillas say they captured in previous battles.

A low ceiling of gray clouds offers some relief from the suffocating heat. When a fierce hailstorm breaks, the soldiers simply halt their work temporarily and huddle together under tattered woolen blankets. Late in the day, the heavy work yields to individual tasks such as sewing patches on mismatched uniforms, cleaning weapons or studying the morning's lessons. One group of guerrillas descends to the valley for a spirited game of football, and several assemble by a campfire for a round of singing and dancing.

In stern contrast with the almost carefree mood, a young woman works laboriously on a makeshift gas mask. The threat of enemy chemical warfare seems to be taken seriously; guerrillas have made simple masks of cloth, plastic and charcoal. Group seminars have been conducted on the effects of various toxic gases and on measures to take against them, such as special protective clothing, ventilation of underground shelters and rapid dispersal of army units in the event of gas attack, according to guerrilla leaders. Front-line medical teams have also been equipped with scientific kits for collecting samples of gas to enable quick analysis and provide hard evidence for the outside world.

"We are getting ready in a primitive way," squad leader Ezghanaria Ghilankiel told me. "We will take some more lessons in the course of the battle, but in the end this can change nothing." □

Oil

(Continued From Front Cover)

ing in the last part of the twentieth century.

Domestic controls on oil are being phased out and prices brought up to Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries' levels. The high prices are to discourage consumption, although exactly whose is never spelled out. But compassion is built into the program through payments to low-income families unable to cope with escalating prices. Although indelicate to dwell upon, these payments in effect end up as further subsidies to the energy industry while blunting the potential of political uprising against corporate welfare by badly battered homeowners, tenants and consumers.

Extraordinarily high profits for energy corporations are anticipated and the assumption is that this return will spur new exploration and production at home. A pledge is made to recover some of this wealth, perhaps 25 percent, through a so-called windfall profits tax. This in turn is to be the source of public seed money, price supports, purchase commitments and loan guarantees to be channeled through a new public corporation into synthetic fuel development by the energy industry, an arrangement described by Carter as "the keystone of our national energy policy." Public faith and cash in astronomical proportions are thus placed in an industry whose leaders heretofore have worked to forestall the introduction of any new or expanded energy source in a manner that might upset its own global energy policy. The keystone of this private planning has been a tightly wound and delicately balanced mechanism designed to prevent supply from exceeding what is calculated to be effective market demand and thus weakening anticipated prices. The OPEC producers give many signs of becoming apt disciples of their corporate teachers and now collaborators.

No concern is shown over how such a bonanza to the oil industry, which is a most blessed beneficiary of OPEC price

Robert Engler, author of The Politics of Oil *(University of Chicago Press) and of* The Brotherhood of Oil *(Chicago and Mentor), has edited* America's Energy: Reports From "The Nation" on 100 Years of Struggles for the Democratic Control of Our Resources *(to be published by Pantheon later this fall). Portions of this article have been adapted from the latter. He teaches at the City University of New York.*

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ratcheting and now accounts for 40 percent of all manufacturing profit in the United States, further distorts the overall availability and allocation of investment capital for other needs of the nation. Energy corporations, meanwhile, admit their dedication (that is, obligation to shareholders) to the search for good investment possibilities outside the energy field, and indeed outside the United States. Nor is it made clear how this crash technological effort—"it will dwarf the combined programs that led us to the moon and built our interstate highway system," exulted the President—will substantially reduce unemployment and reverse the disintegration of many communities, considering that the energy industry employs less than 1 percent of the work force.

The President did lose his battle for an Energy Mobilization Board, which would put such projects on a fast track, and might enable them to bypass environmental constraints and regional opposition. And while John Sawhill, former Deputy Secretary of Energy and now Carter's nominee to head the synthetic fuels corporation, defines the winning of the confidence of the energy industry as a major task, the Department of Energy remains beholden to giant technology and its partisans in the energy and aerospace industries. (The observation cited in a *Nation* editorial ["Big Oil or Us?" January 5-12] that "The D.O.E. has called on private contractors to such an extent that, were there a 'truth in government' law, the agency would be listed on the stock exchange rather than in the Government organization manual" remains apt today.) Renewable alternative energy continues to receive relatively token financial encouragement. But its advocates may take comfort from the windmills that now dot the land on 15-cent postage stamps. Thus, a Reagan regime will have its work cut out for it if it is to top such fealty to corporate America. But there remains legitimate ground for fearing such a victory should the candidate's not incorrect insistence that we are an energy-rich people be code words for eliminating hard-earned health and safety regulations in coal and other energy areas, unlocking the public domain to the highest bidders and unleashing the nuclear option.

John Anderson offers himself as an independent alternative. He expresses increasing doubt about nuclear solutions and recognizes conservation as integral to energy planning. But his proposals for a gasoline tax and car pooling are tame approaches to restructuring the energy economy. Matching his opponents in the avoidance of any fundamental analysis on why the major role of the Federal Government has been to protect prices and limit supply while shouldering business risk, he qualifies as a convincingly safe candidate for managing the present system.

There are other choices, including Barry Commoner, whose Citizens Party offers a devastating critique of the way energy is now used and a comprehensive program for sane (solar) and democratic control, and David McReynolds of the Socialist Party, whose energy platform is set within a more structured socialized political economy. For those who want business and government unadulterated by taxpayer grants or interventionist actions to protect overseas holdings, there is the Libertarian Party and its candidate, oil lawyer Ed Clark. Such alternatives, however, are recognized by neither the League of Women Voters nor the mass media in their stewardship over national politics. The public is denied exposure to thoroughgoing debate and the charade accelerates the deterioration of a national politics cynically irrelevant to the needs of the American public.

Despite the trained incapacity of politicians to deal with energy intelligently and creatively at the junctures where it matters most, namely where alternatives impinge upon the going structure of power, energy policy is now almost universally recognized as central to the performance of the domestic and the world economies. Choices about energy are intertwined with employment patterns in a range of industries, inflation, community survival and war and peace. American national interest, once on the frontier of western Pennsylvania, now embraces almost every region of the earth, including the seabed. Each international upheaval, no matter how geographically remote, seems to impinge directly upon energy decisions at home. When asked, earlier this year, the hostages in the headlines, about the United States' role in overthrowing Premier Mohammad Mossadegh and restoring the Shah to the throne in 1953, President Carter's rejoinder was: "That's ancient history, and I don't think it's appropriate or helpful for me to go into the propriety of something that happened thirty years ago." Yet a sense of history is instructive and indeed imperative for understanding conveniently labeled "crises" and for sorting out or creating options. Iran, as everyone now knows, had been viewed as a secure energy and military outpost, its leaders not asking too many questions about the larger framework of the arrangements with the American empire. What had gone wrong?

When World War I ended, the victors hastened to dismember the defeated empires and claim the oilfields of the Middle East. It was freely predicted that "the next world war" would be over oil—the fuel displacing coal as the determinant of national power. World War II was not fought over oil. But the international arrangements made in its wake helped to integrate the great reserves of the Middle East into a corporate world order controlled from the West. The Mediterranean became an American sea, and the energy supply lines for "the American century" seemed firmly in place. In the wings was nuclear power to assure military supremacy and keep the American system "number one" should fossil fuel demand ultimately outrun supply.

The United States was soon using one-third of the world's daily energy output. The consumption of more and more was celebrated as the key to individual growth and national greatness. But the assumption that this was a natural order of things received some setbacks. As the Western hold over producing areas tightened, rising nationalist movements challenged their countries' assigned role as reservoirs on tap for the "advanced" industrialized world. American faith that progress was automatic and that no balance sheet for the hazards of securing and utilizing energy need be kept was undermined, as the costs of an energy-intensive economy

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were shifted back home and an increasing percentage of the American population became aware of their vulnerability.

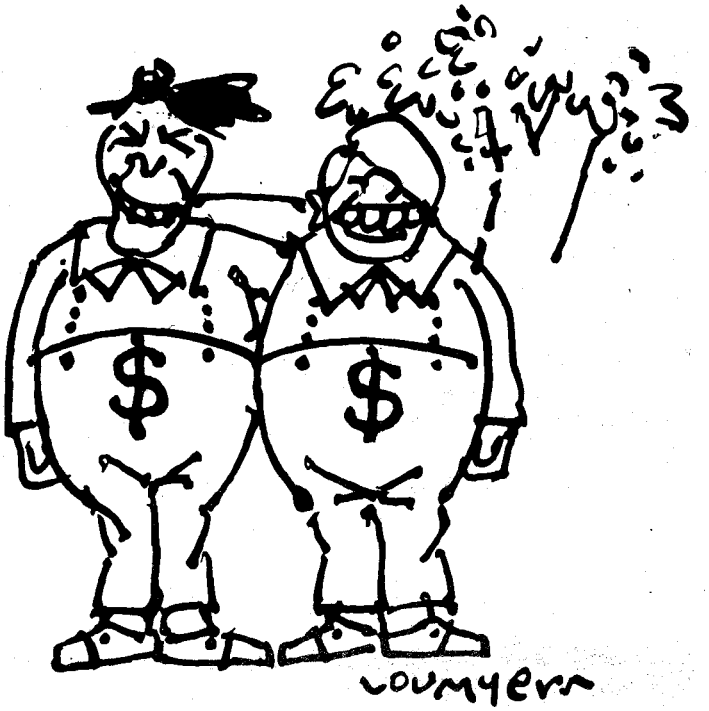
As belief fades in the magic of technology and the potential of atomic power, the efficacy of the political and corporate order in defining the public interest and protecting personal well-being is now sharply questioned. Is the nation approaching the point when the unstated contemporary social contract, under which the people concede their political power over fundamental decisions in return for assurance of economic opportunity, will be abrogated?

While the United States remains endowed with more abundant energy resources than most nations—a factor helping to limit the sympathies of other people—it now draws about 45 percent of its petroleum (or about one-fifth its total energy consumption) from Latin America, Canada, North Africa and the Middle East. Now American leadership claims vital national interests in the Persian Gulf. With the focus upon a presumed Soviet threat, President Carter has warned that any attempt "by any outside force" to gain control of the region will be "repelled by any means necessary, including military force." No convincing explanation is offered by the Pentagon on what combination of conventional weapons, let alone the tactical nuclear weapons frequently alluded to, will successfully protect Middle Eastern oilfields from sabotage, keep them operating in harmony with American policy and also guarantee safe pipeline and tanker passage. Sliding into armed conflict over energy seems mad. And yet, did the early prophecies err—by one war?

Even where the inevitability of a military approach is played down, current writing and discussion tend to stress technological solutions. In contrast, looking back to earlier debates in this country, first over coal and then hydroelectric power and petroleum and nuclear power as each became important to the economy, one is struck by the sharpness of the battle lines that were frequently formed. The stark record of how precious and often irreplaceable resources were being manipulated and looted in the name of freedom and development prompted critical appraisals of the performance of private ownership and challenges to the appropriateness of such power in a democratic society. There were calls for new political experiments such as regional planning. The possibility of cooperatives and of public control enjoyed the open support of political movements. There were numerous inspiring fights by individuals and local and national groups. People believed that there were choices and that they could help make them. Too often this legacy has been obscured or distorted through the pervasive power of private interests and the vacuity or venality of public servants, leading to the more troubling conclusion that it is also our history that has been plundered.

There are, of course, serious technical problems in formulating energy policy. But these are advanced at the expense of underlying political considerations. Advocates of capital-intensive programs for synthetic and nuclear fuels have their visions of the good society, as do those who favor the transition to benign renewable sources. To the former, expanded energy systems will keep the nation powerful and the citizenry independent. Solar advocates foretell the emergence of more human-scale communities where violence against nature and control over one's fellow beings caused by the drive for more energy will be minimized. Where energy options are related to politics, they are treated as though they have no base in past political experience. Where factors of political power are introduced, too often they are confined to specific conflicts, as over the pricing policy for natural gas or the location of a particular nuclear plant. These are important battles and an essential first step for creating a public aware of relationships: as between gas pricing and the oil industry's drive to command all energy forms; between nuclear plants and nuclear war; between corporate power and governmental incapacity. The tougher requirements for mobilizing the political will necessary to challenge the organized power behind the present system and to bring about effective democratic transformation remain largely unexplored.

All camps and candidates, with varying emphasis, join in the call for a new conservation ethic. The major burden is generally placed upon the individual rather than upon the forces shaping his economic environment. Exhorting the householder to turn off the pilot light or live more simply, however beneficial, offers an easier political course than insisting upon public accountability for the ways the industrial system, including the energy industry itself, allocates capital, introduces technology, employs energy in the production of goods and services and generates new energy-consuming wants. Meanwhile, energy is still viewed as a commodity, and the primacy of profit in its development and distribution remains inviolate. The United States has accepted subsurface mineral rights as belonging to the landowner and has favored private development of petroleum on private lands as well as on the public domain. The latter constitutes one-third of the area of the country and is believed to contain perhaps 50 percent of its remaining fossil



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fuels. Critical data about energy reserves, refinery runs, global allocations and profit breakdowns, essential for public understanding and the making of public policy, remain largely "proprietary." The contrived aspects of contemporary oil and gas shortages are blurred and troubling four-letter words like "glut" are left to oilmen in their journals and business sessions.

Conventional corporate, political and even scholarly rhetoric laments present soaring prices which are passed along by reluctant Western corporations who, somehow, manage to remain unprecedentedly adept profit-gatherers. But even the successful have nightmares. The latter's recurring one, only dimly appreciated and rarely dissected by our public guardians, is that the newly arisen and irresponsible producing nations might forget their apprenticeship to power and deliver the ultimate blow to corporate expectations by lowering the price of oil. Meanwhile, a pervasive public relations campaign continues to assure a frustrated American public that although supply-price pressures are beyond corporate control, national energy security is most wisely left to the marketplace and to the presumably apolitical corporate managers. The latter, we are reminded daily, share with the best of us a love for science, chamber music, British drama and, incidentally, freedom from accountability.

Despite such temptation for abdicating citizenship, the American people must develop independently some underlying propositions for thinking about energy and the related issues of technological innovation, industrial planning and democratic control. A starting assumption here is that energy policy should be determined by the kind of society Americans seek, not the other way around. While there is every reason for using such resources carefully, the country has neither a shortage of energy nor of the intelligence to make it available. The need is for the political will to support its purposes.

Thoroughgoing democratic values require an economy committed to the just development and distribution of energy for people everywhere. Economic justice must extend to the energy rights of the succeeding generations who will have to live in the environment we bequeath them. Safeguarding the natural heritage from deterioration is therefore a precondition for an energy bill of rights. Economic democracy also requires that energy decisions affecting people's lives be accountable to them. Mechanisms must be found for bringing energy policies directly into the political process and for expanding citizen participation in debate and control.

COMING: "Dispatch," a monthly column of news and comment on U.S. foreign policy and reports from countries around the world. "Dispatch" will be edited by Elizabeth Farnsworth and Stephen Talbot, former editors of *Internews Bulletin* and frequent contributors of articles on foreign affairs to *The Nation*.

If treating fossil fuels as commodities has been harmful to American development, allowing solar and other alternative energy prospects to be introduced in the same fashion could be fatal. Public ownership and democratic planning of basic energy resources are starting points for reversing these patterns. There is everything to be learned about how to plan democratically. While there is no ready model to adopt, there are relevant experiences worth careful review. Some come from the American public power tradition. The nation should encourage experiments at every level of the political economy.

When evaluating energy alternatives, we must ask which provide the most widespread and satisfying employment; which are most in harmony with the realities of total energy availability; which least distort the overall demand on the nation's capital investment; which entail least violence to nature; which are most likely to respect the rights of other people to use energy and to encourage international cooperation in the sharing; which are most likely to foster a garrison state, and which are most likely to maximize community self-reliance. By such tests nuclear energy and many of the proposed high-technology synthetic fuels appear to come out poorly in contrast to renewable possibilities for meeting the balanced needs of the economy.

Oil from shale remains a neglected potential, despite the vast deposits, decades of Government research and experimentation and the long-claimed interest in its development by the petroleum industry. There have been serious warnings about an adverse environmental impact, but it may take a public yardstick experiment to appraise this. The present system, which relies upon a corporate definition of "technological readiness," a euphemism for protecting the profit timetable for the introduction of competing fuel, makes public appraisal almost impossible, even though most development would be on public lands and now with public funds.

Oil from coal is also feasible. Such alternatives require tremendous capital investment and, judging by past performance, huge public subsidies. They will further the concentration of private control and possibly the creation of new coal colonies within the nation. Equally troubling is the prospect of accelerated environmental degradation. "National emergency needs" may provide a convenient and not unfamiliar justification for overriding regional anxiety and opposition, once the industry concludes it is ready to launch such development.

More attractive to those concerned by the increasingly antidemocratic character of energy policy are the possibilities for shifting to simpler technologies which rely upon diverse, renewable sources such as grain, wind, water and sunlight. The visions of windmills, small dams and decentralized solar collectors weaken the claim of the inevitability of mammoth, centralized power-generating stations with their high-cost and high-security technologies, all under the management of absentee owners. It is also hoped that these energy alternatives will enlist local business initiative and labor skill. Such steps could give renewed meaning to the ideal of community self-reliance while en-

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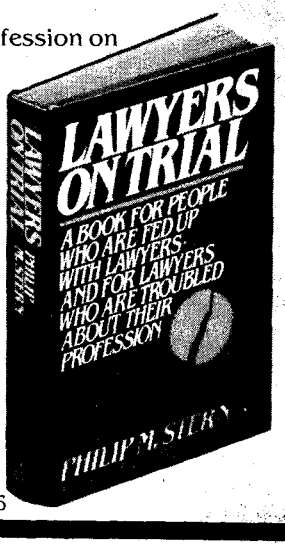
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hancing respect for the natural environment.

Emphasis upon expanding the energy supply can easily slight prior questions about how energy is now used and how it might be better used. At stake here is not simply a definition of what constitutes waste and what kinds of conservation to promote but what mechanisms now operate for making such judgments and for introducing the necessary constraints and incentives. It has been seen how the energy industry has sought to make itself the arbiter of all energy innovation and to integrate all such operations within its planning. The other corporations and financial institutions that dominate major sectors of the economy are equally insistent on their need and their right to decide on the direction of their capital investments. Such power is viewed as the heart of the workings of the economy. It is defined as freedom by those forces that hold it. Every question must be raised about the relation between such power and the needs of a public that is beginning to experience energy not as a liberating force but as a trap.

If conservation is to be more than landscaping of the present system of production, end-use planning must be introduced whereby the community develops the power to limit energy-devouring production while encouraging socially needed goods and services. The arguments for the rebuilding of mass transportation and the rethinking of agribusiness are persuasive because they link energy concerns, full-employment objectives and more rewarding daily life. Such planning ultimately involves democratically set priorities and controls over capital investment.

Global cooperation and global planning must be introduced for dealing with world resource allocation and environmental protection. The continuing struggles over the law of the sea suggest how difficult a task that is. Unfortunately the United States lost a major opportunity to advance such an ideal when it was content to have American-based corporations dominate oil. Now that the producers are in the ascendant it becomes a little awkward for the United States to advance the principle that energy resources ought to be the monopoly of no people. Meanwhile, it keeps a discreet silence about the administered prices of the industrial goods its corporations sell abroad and at home. It would also be in the national interest to encourage non-OPEC regions of the world to develop their own energy resources. Instead, under corporate prodding, the United States and the world lending agencies until very recently have resisted extending the financial help needed and thus have furthered dependency upon the existing oil corporations and also upon OPEC.

The giant corporation is not going to wither away because of talk about democratic planning. Independent information about its power over the present energy system and about alternatives must become widespread to counter the pervasive corporate defenses. There must be popular organization to fight for public purposes and control. Active public participation is imperative if planning is to be democratic. "More government" provides no automatic solution to the problem of irresponsible power. Even a program as visionary as the Tennessee Valley Authority could become "just another power company" willing to buy strip-mine coal on the cheap and to push nuclear construction while neglecting the more difficult task of sustaining the grass-roots ideal. Wherever possible, community and regional energy projects with which the people can identify must be developed. One recalls the efforts of community organizer Danilo Dolci to have poor peasants in Sicily take responsibility for the building of a desperately needed dam which had been promised to them by their rulers for many years. To Dolci the result when the dam opened was "democratic water" which would give its builders confidence in their own efforts and courage for the next community venture. It would also weaken the foundations of the old order which had promoted this dependency.

Current reforms focus on such measures as reinstituted price controls, stepped-up regulation and antitrust action, mandated and self-imposed corporate responsibility standards, divestiture and public utility status. Slightly bolder is the creation of a public corporation to serve as a yardstick or for the publicly controlled importation of oil. Each has some merit. But there is little to suggest, given past experiences and the power of the energy industry and its allies, that these will be effective in moving toward the desired goals. Perhaps Henry Demarest Lloyd (author of *Wealth Against Commonwealth*) said it best in a letter to *The Nation* in 1882 in an exchange on the role of robber barons:

> You say also that "Gould is the product of corrupt courts and legislatures, and no economist of any school ever taught that the principle of *laissez-faire* covered the right to bribe judges or gobble railroads, any more than it does the right to rob and murder on the highway." The class of corporation, trust, and stock-jobbers of which Mr. Gould is the most brilliant representative cannot be explained away on the "bad man" theory which *The Nation* has taught us to disbelieve in. Bad men, we have with us always; but why have the "bad men" free course? A deeper cause than the depravity of individuals must account for the most dangerous fact of our social condition, the sudden development of a caste of overgrown wealth and power. If the theories of *laissez-faire* and exclusive regulation by competition do not permit these men to rob and murder by retail on the highway, they cause society to leave them to rob and murder by wholesale, by all kinds of "corners" and combinations, and by legal methods of oppressing the people, betraying trusts, and deceiving the community. This class must be controlled but they cannot be overcome by the political and industrial philosophy under which they have been suffered to grow up.

In another neglected but related chapter of our history, Senator George Norris in 1923 explained his opposition to turning over a major water power site, later to become basic to the Tennessee Valley development, to industrialist Henry Ford, who wished to build dams for cheap power: "I am not moved in my opposition regarding Muscle Shoals by any feeling of animosity or ill-will. He is a man whom in many respects I greatly admire, but I would not give away the heritage of the people, even to a saint." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

'Where Is the Cry of Protest?'

ROBERT SHERRILL

CDE STOCK OWNERSHIP DIRECTORY: ENERGY. *Edited by Stephen Abrecht. Corporate Data Exchange Inc. 217 pp. $250 for profit-making firms. $75 for nonprofit enterprises.*

A few years ago when the wild hares of Congress were talking about the need to break up the major oil companies to encourage competition, the American Petroleum Institute began circulating pamphlets and brochures arguing that the industry is already very competitive and the power of the industry is not concentrated among a few masters of capital. In one of these booklets, the A.P.I. stated that the records of the six largest U.S. oil companies would show that "some 2.3 million Americans own shares in these six companies directly; and about 11.75 million other Americans are indirect owners [through ownership of mutual funds, insurance policies, pension plans, etc.] of these six companies. Together, these 14 million Americans own nine-tenths of all the shares of the six companies studied."

Don't read that too fast. Linger a moment on the phrase "indirect owners" and savor the A.P.I.'s meaning. If you have an insurance policy with, say, Prudential Life Insurance Company, the A.P.I. considers you to be an owner, albeit an indirect one, of at least ten major oil companies and a person of vast persuasion in the oil industry. After all, Prudential is the second largest stockholder in Marathon Oil, the third largest stockholder in Union Oil of California, the fourth largest in Shell and in Gulf, the fifth largest in Standard of Indiana, the seventh largest in Mobil and Atlantic Richfield, the fifteenth largest in Exxon, the thirty-third largest in Texaco and the thirty-fifth largest in Standard of California—which does not by any means exhaust the list of Prudential's energy stockholdings.

Holders of Prudential policies may have some difficulty transforming their part of the Rock into the rich glow of a J. Paul Getty, and indeed they may think that the A.P.I.'s theory is a bit absurd, but the theory is nevertheless a variation of one of Wall Street's most imperishable myths: that corporate America is owned and controlled directly, and especially indirectly, by millions of little investors.

The myth flourishes despite studies that appear every few years that prove exactly the contrary. The latest to appear, and one of the most useful, is the *CDE Stock Ownership Directory: Energy* (from which the above data on Prudential was taken), published this year by Corporate Data Exchange Inc. of 198 Broadway, New York, New York 10038. It is a marvelously rich lode of information about the 142 largest U.S. energy companies—data about who owns them, what their relationships are with other corporate giants—and it proves irrefutably that although about 5.2 million investors are involved at some level, "a group of fifty institutional investors control at least 15 percent of the stock of the top thirty-eight energy conglomerates."

But to talk of fifty institutional investors is to avoid the chilling aura of concentration that permeates the C.D.E. directory. In fact, a handful of financial institutions—banks and insurance companies, mostly—run things. One need look at only half a dozen banks to see what's going on.

Citicorp is among the top five stockholders of Atlantic Richfield, Conoco, Phillips, Standard of Indiana, Standard of Ohio and Getty Oil. (Dropping into the second tier of five, it is No. 6 at Exxon, No. 8 at Texaco, No. 8 at Marathon, No. 8 at Union Oil.)

Chase Manhattan is among the top five at Exxon, Standard of California, Conoco, Standard of Indiana, Sun Oil and Mobil. (It is No. 10 at Atlantic Richfield.)

Bankers Trust of New York is among the top five stockholders at Conoco, Mobil, Getty and Sun. (It is also No. 8 at Exxon, No. 10 at Standard of Indiana, No. 9 at Amerada Hess.)

Manufacturers Hanover is among the top five at Texaco, Atlantic Richfield, Phillips, Exxon and Standard of California. (It is No. 9 at Standard of Indiana, No. 7 at Amerada Hess, No. 6 at Getty, No. 10 at Superior, No. 9 at Union.)

J. P. Morgan, parent of Morgan Guaranty Trust, is among the top five at Mobil, Marathon Oil, Superior Oil (the largest independent oil company) and Exxon. (It is No. 10 at Cities Service.)

Chemical Bank of New York, aside from being the top stockholder at Ashland Oil, is No. 6 at Atlantic Richfield and Cities Service, No. 9 at Standard of California, No. 7 at Superior and No. 10 at Exxon.

The C.D.E. found that in the ten largest oil companies, the top five stockholders together own from 8.56 percent (Texaco) to 80.68 (Shell), with the average being 23.6 percent.

(Bear in mind that the House Banking Subcommittee on Domestic Finance "presumes" that control of 10 percent of a corporation's stock equates with control of the corporation, that as low as 5 percent qualifies for control and that even 1 or 2 percent ownership offers "tremendous influence.")

When information like the C.D.E.'s surfaces, it makes one want to go lay a black wreath on the graves of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890 and the Clayton Act of 1914 which, though still on the Federal books, are effectively dead. Nobody uses them, though they were meant to protect us from such evils as monopolies, unfair mergers, price-fixing, divvying up of markets, interlocking directorates, insider deals—all the devices that industrial gangs use to lessen competition or to exploit lack of competition, at the consumer's expense.

Nowhere have the public's suspicions of such conduct centered longer or more acutely than on the oil industry, but of course the public's suspicions have rarely stirred the Justice Department or the Federal Trade Commission to serious antitrust prosecution of the oil crowd. Congress has been equally lethargic, and so has the press.

When the C.D.E. report was issued, William Winpisinger, president of the International Association of Machinists, asked, "Where is the cry of protest?" Where, indeed? Even the best of the daily press gave the report only a few inches, and promptly forgot it. Television gave it no coverage at all.

But this is quite understandable, for the establishment press would simply prefer not to consider evidence that the economic basis for the establishment's

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existence involves a capitalist conspiracy. Winpisinger was not being excessive when he said, "the C.D.E. study makes it clear that what we have in America is a vast in-house energy and financial conspiracy that makes the Mob look like a bunch of amateurs."

Conspiracy is a very unfashionable word, but with the C.D.E. directory at hand it is easy to use the word without apology. The interlocking nature of U.S. capitalism at the top as shown in its pages can hardly be accidental or innocent.

The intense concentration is seen not only in the stock ownership but also in the sharing of lawyers. The C.D.E.'s "Index to Legal Counsels/Washington Reps" discloses, for example, that Howrey & Simon represents no less than six majors: Exxon, Gulf, Mobil, Shell, Tenneco and Texaco; that Covington & Burling represents Atlantic Richfield, Standard Oil of Ohio and Superior Oil; that Mobil and Cities Service share the confidential legal talents of McClure & Trotter; that Amerada Hess and Marathon Oil share Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy. Etcetera.

It's rather hard to give the oil companies an objective hearing for their claim of competitiveness and independence when we discover that their most confidential trade information is cared for by shared lawyers. And (moving into natural gas) it does seem a bit odd that both El Paso, the nation's second largest natural gas pipeline, and Panhandle Eastern, the fourth largest pipeline, would hire the firm of Sullivan & Cromwell to handle their legal work.

Try as one will to avoid such ugly thoughts, one has to think that there just might be a few tiny breaches of the antitrust laws, some mischievous collusion, some conflicts of interest in all the teamwork the C.D.E. has recorded.

These are not new suspicions. They have, of course, crossed the minds of many observers under numerous other circumstances—circumstances that probably still prevail.

Some of the most elaborately supported suspicions were voiced in January 1978, by the late Senator Lee Metcalf's subcommittee investigators. Their study showed that "three of the largest energy companies had indirect interlocks with most of their major competitors. . . . The nation's largest energy company, Exxon, indirectly interlocked with its leading competitors as follows: Atlantic Richfield (four times); Mobil (six times); Shell (once); Standard of California (six times); Standard of Indiana (twice); and Texaco (twice)."

Similarly generous interlockings were listed for Mobil, Texaco and Atlantic Richfield. And, again, the trail led back to the banks. "The directorate linkages among these giant energy firms," the staff study noted, "appear all the more serious when viewed in the context of where their directors met."

> For example, Exxon had two directors—one its chairman—sitting on the board of Citicorp, alongside directors of Mobil and Standard of California. Other energy related companies on the Citicorp board were Halliburton [Brown & Root, one of the world's largest energy construction firms, is a subsidiary], Texas Eastern Transmission, General Electric, Stone and Webster, and Westinghouse. Major energy users on that board were General Motors, Ford, Monsanto, Du Pont, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and U.S. Steel. . . .
>
> Exxon directors met directors of Mobil, Atlantic Richfield and Standard of Indiana on the board of Chemical New York. Other energy companies on that [bank's] board were Amerada Hess and Aramco. A member of an advisory committee to the Chemical board was also a director of Texaco. Other energy-related companies on the Chemical board were General Electric, Westinghouse, AT&T and IBM.

And on and on went the report, peeking into the board rooms at other financial institutions, and finding the same kind of gatherings. Understandably, the investigators were alarmed, and they didn't try to hide it. They warned of "the danger of a business elite, an ingrown group, impervious to outside forces, intolerant of dissent and protective of the status quo, charting the direction and investment" in a key industry such as energy without giving a second thought to the public's interest.

"The issue that has surfaced increasingly in recent years on Capitol Hill," they wrote, "is to what degree can the largest financial institutions now and in the future direct the course of major production, distribution and services that affect the daily lives and work of the American people. Are corporate decisions made, and risks taken, independently and competitively, or is there some higher private authority that holds the reins over corporate financial management?"

There is some perverse fun in quoting dramatic statements like that because they are made in such a complete vacuum. Probably not more than three dozen people—a generous estimate—in this country even thumbed through that fascinating staff study. Certainly it results in not even the faintest quiver of a reform nerve anywhere in government. That's the way it always has been.

Going back a couple more years to 1976, we find the study, "The Structure of the U.S. Petroleum Industry," which was prepared for a Senate Interior subcommittee. It, too, brims over with wonderfully damning evidence of the concentration of power in the oil industry, primarily, of course, through the banks. Among other things, this study revealed the following:

> The First National City Bank was reported as an affiliation by 16 directors from 7 oil companies, the Chase Manhattan Bank by 11 directors from 7 companies, and the Chemical Bank by 10 directors and 8 companies.
>
> It should be noted that these affiliations between companies through banks—often termed "interlocks"—are usually not direct: Mr. Smith from the bank is not on the board of A and B [Exxon and Mobil]. They are indirect, in the sense that Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith from the bank serve with A and B respectively.

The writers of this study left us to make the assumption that when Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith got back to the bank from their directors' meetings at Exxon and Mobil, they chatted about the oil business in a way that would not have made the authors of the Clayton Act too happy.

O.K., now let's go back a couple more years to 1974. That year Senators Metcalf and Edmund Muskie's subcommittees jointly turned out a report ("Disclosure of Corporate Ownership") that told how Bankers Trust Company held 6.1 percent of the voting stock of Mobil; 5.8 percent of Continental Oil, 2.1 percent of Ashland, etc., etc., with the other big oil companies falling into much the same pattern as found today by the C.D.E.

If you want to start penetrating ancient times, you can turn back to the landmark study of 1968, when Representative Wright Patman's staff showed

**COMING NOVEMBER 8:
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how commercial banks controlled most of corporate America through credit, stockholdings and directorates—a story that, because of repetition, has begun to seem old in just a dozen years.

What can we expect to come from these regular waves of revelations and warnings? Why, nothing at all. But they do make good reading and they stir the juices and, for those of us who enjoy hating corporations, especially banks and oil companies, they are the endless source of bile. Thank goodness there will always be another report of the same sort coming along from time to time. The Federal Trade Commission is right now doing an inquiry into—what else?—the interlocking directorates of oil companies and banks. As Jeff Gerth wrote in *The New York Times*, this F.T.C. investigation "is seeking to determine what effect these relationships have on competition in the oil industry."

Hey! Why hadn't somebody thought of that before? □

A Pox on Dullness

SUE M. HALPERN

STILL LIFE WITH WOODPECKER. *By Tom Robbins. Bantam Books. 227 pp. $12.95. Paper $6.95.*

THE TOKYO-MONTANA EXPRESS. *By Richard Brautigan. Delacorte Press/ Seymour Lawrence. 258 pp. $10.95.*

Emma Goldman would like Tom Robbins. Having amassed a youthful following with his earlier novels, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* and *Another Roadside Attraction*, Robbins uses his latest offering, *Still Life With Woodpecker*, to instruct his constituency on matters of free will and social responsibility. He is riotous yet resolute, not subtle, but shrewd.

Still Life With Woodpecker is a fable for and against the last quarter of the twentieth century. Nevertheless, Robbins relies on the elements used by classical fabulists. There is a beautiful princess, a loyal handmaiden, a barren attic, exile and court intrigue, many varieties of frogs and, most important, an anarchist prince. In this, it is a formula novel. The princess, Leigh-Cheri Furstenberg-Barcalona, meets her prince, Bernard Mickey Wrangle, an outlaw with a conscience and an affection for dynamite, at the first annual Geo-Therapy Care Fest. The Care Fest is scheduled to bring the best minds of the day together to chart a global strategy out of this century. Ralph Nader, Barry Commoner and Buckminster Fuller will be there. So will Gary Snyder, who is slated to recite a paper on "The Buddhist Approach to Fighting City Hall." Leigh-Cheri, who intends to use royal privilege to save the world, is at the Care Fest to take copious notes. But Bernard is there to bomb it. Instead, the Care Fest self-destructs; Bernard blows Leigh-Cheri's mind and they fall in love. It is the real thing.

After the Care Fest, back in rainy Seattle, the temporary seat of the Furstenberg-Barcalona clan, love runs amok. Bernard, who is installed in the "Charles Bukowski Suite in the Been-Down-So-Long-It-Looks-Like-Up-To-Me Hotel" while he formally courts the princess, is found out to be the infamous Woodpecker, the bomber who made sport of induction centers and army research labs during the Vietnam War. Bernard pleads guilty as charged, for "if society is considered innocent, then any person who isn't guilty isn't leading a meaningful life" and is sent to prison for the next decade. To commiserate, Leigh-Cheri fashions a cell in the privacy of her own home, which matches Bernard's, object for object. She vows to stay there, living as Bernard lives, meditating on the same spartan décor and gleaning the same fugitive wisdom, until he is uncaged. Things do not look promising.

But this is a fable. Before there can be a happy ending, there must be truth. Before there can be truth, there must be mystery and confusion. Somewhere in the ruins are a pack of Camels and a deserted romance.

If this sounds silly, it should. *Still Life With Woodpecker* is an imbroglio of outrageous details. Usually they are playful and funny; sometimes they are overdrawn. But as a farce, *Still Life With Woodpecker* is apocryphal, for Robbins's relentless attention to detail is subterfuge.

Sue M. Halpern is a staff writer for the Vera Institute of Justice in New York.

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Like most fables, Robbins's story is told in service to his moral. Unlike most moralists, however, he is a latter-day libertarian disguised as a saint in Western wear. Through Bernard, Robbins echoes Bakunin when he says that "a bomb is a question, not an answer," and he rivals Goldman herself with his jurisprudence:

> All people who live subject to other people's laws are victims. People who break laws out of greed, frustration or vengeance are victims. People who overturn laws in order to replace them with their own laws are victims. . . . We outlaws, however, live beyond the law. We don't merely live beyond the letter of the law . . . we live beyond the spirit of the law. . . . Have we a common goal, that goal is to turn the tables on the *nature* of society.

Robbins also rails against junk-food sex, unions as big business, movement sycophants and totalitarianism. He exalts love which is truly free, and curses the dark of dullness.

The moral of the story is that which "throws a window open after the final door is closed." It is that which "puts the free in freedom and takes the obligation out of love." The moral is "CHOICE. To refuse to passively accept what we've been handed by nature or society, but to choose for ourselves." Certainly this is not novel, yet *Still Life With Woodpecker* states the case ingeniously. For a generation that knows more about mutual funds than mutual aid, Robbins may be apostolic.

If Robbins's pox on dullness had been issued earlier we might have been spared *The Tokyo-Montana Express*, the most recent communiqué from Richard Brautigan. Now in his mid-40s, Brautigan continues to survive in the estimation of one critic "as the literary representative of that phenomenon in American culture known as The Hippies." Although the Death of the Hippies parade took place in San Francisco in 1968, Brautigan, who moved to Montana, has been publishing prolifically ever since. Someone must be reading his books.

The Tokyo-Montana Express is not a novel. It is a collection of vignettes held together by contrivance. At the outset Brautigan informs the reader:

> Though the Tokyo-Montana Express moves at great speed, there are many stops along the way. This book is those brief stations, some confident, others still searching for their identities. The "I" in this book is the voice of the stations along the tracks of the Tokyo-Montana Express.

It does not work. The "I" in this book is clearly the voice of Richard Brautigan —he often refers to himself by name— who is either extremely confused or attempting to disown this work.

The Tokyo-Montana Express is a peculiar travelogue that moves within the regions of the author's experience. There are pieces on Christmas trees, ghosts, Japan, Montana, light bulbs and candy wrappers. Despite the range, the reportage is flat and uninteresting. Perhaps this is a reflection of mind. Can this be too harsh an assessment of someone who writes, "umbrellas have always been a mystery to me because I can't understand why they appear just before it starts to rain"?

The vignettes are not all bad or boring, although many of them are. Many of them are brief, too—not more than a page—and this is not unrelated. When Brautigan takes the care to develop a story he can be entertaining and insightful, as in "The Good Work of Chickens," a revenge fantasy about people who abandon their dog in the middle of a harsh nowhere. Yet he rarely does this. At times, though, even his simple observations can be striking; these are usually in reference to death or beautiful women, where the contrasting image of an aging hippie is a sad, broken promise. All these pieces being equal, however, it is apparent that Brautigan does not know when he is good and when he is insipid. If someone was keeping score, it would be clear that good would not win out in the end.

The following "station," repeated in full, is illustrative of *The Tokyo-Montana Express*:

> "All the People That I Didn't Meet and the Places That I Didn't Go"
>
> "I have a short lifeline," she says, "Damn it."

THE CAPTION

Afraid that crippled O'Connell
was down there inspecting my footsteps,
I walked on cherry stilts

through that moon-drenched graveyard.
Itching my way through the nettle, I arrived
by the muddy Alum Creek

in time to catch the next empty log
drifting by
toward the first fall schoolday.

The following summer, someone found the giant legs
in the sledge, on that slope beneath
the sycamores, confiscated the idea

and claimed the stilts.
Soon the graveyard sod was studded
with dents. The police were nearly convinced

they were marks
from the crutches of O'Connell's ghost!
Another year passed without his appearance,

and one day in that second autumn's weekly,
I found an aerial view of the cemetery
on Page 4. The picture was taken from the roof

of the mausoleum, by the caretaker who's since
been put away. He'd been inspired
to plant a marigold

or sunflower in each square hole the stilts left, weaving
their slalom figure-eight through
the headstones. But, by the time the photo

was taken, all their gold heads were bent
away from the sun, bronzed and touching
their noses to the ground—in silent praise of O'Connell.

Scott Ruescher

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We're lying together under the sheet. It's morning. She's looking at her hand. She's twenty-three: dark hair. She's very carefully looking at her hand.

"Damn it."

Who cares? Dullness may be evil, as Tom Robbins suggests, but it does not have to be a drag. Richard Brautigan has made it into the last quarter of the twentieth century: he is not laid back; he is supine. □

THEATER

JULIUS NOVICK

The Bacchae

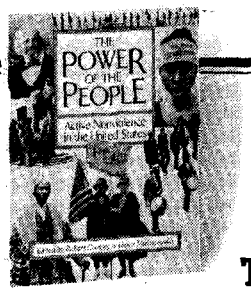
Back in the last century, when people aspired to rationality and lofty calm and believed that the ancient Greeks had attained these, *The Bacchae* of Euripides was something of an embarrassment; when in this century we began to see the importance of coming to terms with the irrational within, and when many subsequently—in the 1960s especially—became infatuated with the irrational, *The Bacchae* became interesting again. Dionysus, the god of wine who stalks this play, is not the jolly Bacchus of later mythology. He is a god not just of intoxication but of frenzy, of the release for better and for worse of what in ordinary life remains pent up inside us. The play is remarkably balanced: aware of the delights of Dionysus and of his cruelty, aware of the futility of repressing him and of the danger of giving way to him. It shows how Dionysus returns to Thebes, his native city, to establish his rituals there; he is opposed and persecuted by Pentheus, the Theban king, and the results are ecstasy, madness, savage destruction and bitter grief.

At the Circle in the Square, *The Bacchae* has been directed and translated by Michael Cacoyannis, with scenery and costumes by John Conklin. The stage is a bare arena surrounded on all sides by spectators: a suitable place for a mortal struggle between a young king and a young god. Dionysus, played by Christopher Rich, is a tall, beautiful, effeminate young man with a mellifluous tenor voice, a mane of blond curls and a soft-looking, hairless body; he is barechested, slit-skirted, barefoot. John Noah Hertzler as Pentheus is compactly built, gruff-voiced, with blond hair and beard closely cropped, his body tightly covered in leather armor and his demeanor soldierly and blunt: a striking contrast to the god who is, in mythical fact, his first cousin.

The contrast is preserved as the conflict develops. From the moment of his entrance, Hertzler's Pentheus is off-balance, tense, angry, almost frenzied in his rejection of frenzy, verging at times on the mad-dictator stereotype. The performance is a touch monotonous, but it cogently suggests that Dionysus is a threat not just to the kingdom but to the king's own inner stability. Rich's Dionysus, on the other hand, is relaxed and assured. He taunts and tempts his opponent with malicious smiles, with open-mouthed, provocative looks, with intonations, gestures and attitudes that are clearly sexual. For all his lush androgyny, however, he never quite dwindles into the Fire Island beach boy he keeps suggesting; he never loses his dignity and his strength.

As Cacoyannis has envisioned it, *The Bacchae* comes very close to the classic scenario of the macho homophobe who turns out to have a gay side to his own nature, but it is Euripides who gave Pentheus an obsessive concern with Dionysus's curls, his soft skin, his fitness for the pleasures of Aphrodite in the dark. It is Euripides who wrote the scene, strange beyond all measure, in which Pentheus under the influence of Dionysus appears in women's clothing, even pausing to see if his hem is straight. Hertzler plays it very well, with a strange, fogged, glazed exultation, comic yet vaguely horrifying. In this production, the homosexual aspect is pushed for everything it is worth, but for all of Rich's nods and becks and come-hither-baby-I-dare-you poses, I do not believe that the play is falsified. The two actors bring to life the intensity of the struggle between these two stubborn, arrogant cousins, each of them determined to hold power in Thebes.

The weight of homosexual implication is somewhat counterbalanced by the chorus of Dionysiac women. In this play the rites of Dionysus appeal chiefly to women, which is one of the things that make Pentheus so angry. The king of Thebes does not wish Theban women to leave their ordered lives at the loom to run free upon the mountains and dance for the god. The women of the chorus, however, are not from Thebes; they are Asians, strangers. Cacoyannis has cast mainly black women and has had them clothed in peasant-printed costumes (African?) that leave them



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with bare feet, bare arms, bare midriffs and bare backs. They too are sexual beings. They worship their god in speech and chant and song, in dance and trance. They beat drums, cry like birds, throw back their heads and toss their long hair, cluster together, clasp one another, sway together, scatter across the stage, throw themselves full-length on the ground. Sometimes they descend to obvious bumping and grinding, but at least they are never stately. And they are clearly part of the play's essence—not, as Greek choruses so often seem, an intrusion on it.

This strange play becomes no less strange as it nears its end. Pentheus leaves the stage in his woman's disguise to spy on the Dionysiac rites not of the chorus but of the Theban women away on the mountain. Pentheus's sexuality is very ambiguous. He thinks that women have "filthy minds," but under the spell of Dionysus he is alive with prurient eagerness to peep at what he presumes will be sexual orgies—led, as he well knows, by Agave, his mother. A horrified messenger brings the news that in their frenzy, the women have turned on Pentheus and have torn him apart: Dionysus is revenged.

Then Agave enters, carrying the head of her son, which she has torn from his body, exulting over the lion she believes she has killed. Irene Papas as Agave touches the strangeness, the horror, firmly and well. When she appears, staring-eyed, something febrile and fitful in her exultation suggests that her state of ecstasy, of possession by Dionysus, is about to wear off. We know what she will discover when it does.

But the moment of discovery misses fire in Papas's performance, and the play's emotion is dissipated during the ensuing scene of mourning that she shares with Philip Bosco as her father, Cadmus. Am I alone in having difficulty with the elaborate passages of woe in which the Greek and Elizabethan tragic playwrights so frequently indulged themselves? If my sensibilities are typical at all, modern audiences are conditioned to be moved obliquely, by irony, or poignant understatement, rather than by lines like "O misery! O grief beyond all measure!" Papas and Bosco do honest, skilled, professional work, but it does not avail. In these drawn-out woeing scenes there are conventions of metrics that are weakened in translation and conventions of chant and song that are lost altogether. Honesty, skill and professionalism are not enough; there must be imagination and audacity, and these are not forthcoming at this point in the Cacoyannis production.

And so at the Circle in the Square, pity and terror do not flower; there is no catharsis. Still, it is no small achievement to bring us even as much of Euripidean strangeness and intensity, awareness and horror, as Cacoyannis has managed in this revival. □

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Stardust Memories
Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures
Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession

Though I keep advising him that it is time he stopped mining the vein of his discontent, Woody Allen persists in doing so. If he's tired of being a funny man and wants to make films laden with rue and full of the question of why we're here, why doesn't he go ahead and do it, instead of telling us yet again that he's caught in a rut at a crossroad and his wheels are spinning? It's true that *Interiors* did not entirely succeed, and that moviegoers did not seize on it as they did on the marvelous *Annie Hall*, but it was an absorbing if not always lucid picture, one that returns to mind. It is proof that Allen can be serious to good effect when he pleases. Perhaps he keeps making a public spectacle of his misgivings because his friends, who by now are legion, keep egging him on. If so, *Stardust Memories* may free him from the trap of universal acclaim. It is the most intensely personal of his pictures and it comes as close as Allen can to being tiresome.

This time he presents himself as Sandy Bates, film director and star. He is spending a week, under sustained protest, at the Stardust Hotel, one of those seaside houses that flourished in the era of the ukulele and from which the paint is now peeling. The occasion is a film seminar, and Bates is the big draw. He shows passages from a couple of his movies (one of them morbid, the other kitsch, both bad) and fields questions from the floor that are in the main designed to impress the assembly with the cinematic erudition of the questioner. Bates is besieged in public rooms, at his meals, even in bed by admirers who seek his autograph, press scripts into his hands, remind him that they were at school together, or merely wish to assure him that he is a genius. Much of this is funny and the encounters strike various nerves of the great man's discontent.

But the thesis that fame comes at a price is overproved. Almost without exception, the pests are empty-headed and strikingly ill-favored. Indeed, for his background cast, in both the main action and the films within the film, Allen has hired a group of the ugliest people I can remember having seen on the screen. Grotesquerie of features is all that most of them have to offer; it is pitiful and, as a celebrity's view of his public, it is mean. But then Allen is intent this time on complaining that applause is making him mean, that he loathes these clamoring fans who distract him from deciding whether there is enough meaning in life to enlist his talent and, more immediately, from putting some meaning into his own life. Because, as always, and under whatever pseudonym, Allen is having trouble with his women.

This time there are three, all beautiful, but otherwise alike only in that they seem willing to sleep with Bates but not

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to live with him. The actresses are Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault and Jessica Harper. They are appealing in the vulnerabilities of character written into their roles, but they remain remote, being defined as objects of Bates's self-concern. It is good directing for Allen's purposes; he exploits his actresses with the cold efficiency of an animal trainer, in which respect he reminded me of Ingmar Bergman. But I would have appreciated more insight into these women, and less of Bates's grousing.

Allen is a remarkably astute director. He keeps deft control of his material, in this case cutting back and forth between Bates's public and private lives, allowing them to color and distort each other and, toward the end, letting the film excerpts seep into the "real" action, to convey the plight of a man unable to break out of his nightmare. The picture is full of allusions to his earlier works, and to those of other directors, most obviously Fellini.

The problem is that the whining despair and self-disgust of Bates seem inadequate to the talents of a director as perceptive and agile as Allen, and that is an enigma, for they are the same man. For some time, Allen has been making fun of his unwillingness to settle for being funny, and he does that principally by being platitudinous about the areas in which he would like to be serious. It is curious that a man as gifted and engaging as Allen should be running in that squirrel cage. And whether he knows it or not, he is playing to the pettiness of his audience. Here, they say, is this guy who's so talented, so famous, so attractive to women and rich enough to ride around in a chauffeured Rolls-Royce, and look what a mess he's in. That makes the common lot more bearable, perhaps, but not on very creditable terms.

The only thing ponderous about *Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures* is the title. This slight, quite beautiful picture, written by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and directed by James Ivory, is a game of wits, wacky and ruefully nostalgic. Georgie and Bonnie (so named by their Scottish governess) are an Indian maharajah (Victor Banerjee) and his sister (Aparna Sen). They live—by what means it is not said—in princely style in an ancient palace and they are the owners of a collection of miniatures that is widely coveted, though never seen. Upon them descend two Westerners: Clarke Haven (Larry Pine), a much-mannered and fluently erudite American collector, and Lady Gee (Dame Peggy Ashcroft), the flat-heeled, briskly competent curator of a British museum.

Both are determined to have the paintings: he because his ability to appreciate them gives him the right, and she because it has ever been England's duty to gather up and preserve such masterpieces as were created by the irresponsible peoples of the East. Bonnie is eager to unload the collection on one or both of the visitors and connives with an Indian dealer to that end; Georgie is stubbornly unwilling to part with this treasure and lays a maze of false trails for his guests. The plot thickens, decorously, and in an atmosphere of solicitous hospitality.

The bite of the picture, which is not severe, is in the personalities of the players, particularly those of Georgie and Lady Gee. He is handsome and displays good manners so relaxed and gently ironic as to suggest that he has made a considerable study of English drawing room comedy. He plays squash

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and photographs attractive women; he also sleeps with them when the idea seems mutually appealing. Elegance is his weapon. Lady Gee is an anachronistic servant of empire. She is courteous to the natives, quite likes them, in fact, but is under no illusion about the balance of worth and power.

However, despite their conflicting goals, these two and Haven are drawn together by a shared feeling for India's past. Bonnie is the odd fellow out of this confederacy. She too is under the spell of the past, but whereas they love it with a too easy sentimentality, she hates its stifling conventions and feels herself even now their victim. So, although *Hullabaloo* is pretty and frothy, it is not without shadows. Though it attempts nothing approaching the depth and poignancy of Satyajit Ray's *The Chess Players*, it reminded me of that beautiful, somber work. What both films say, in their different voices, is that the British cut the roots of India's heritage and left its present culture with dried flowers for nourishment.

Nicholas Roeg's *Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession* could easily give you a headache. It is feverish, airless, unhealthy. Also absorbing. It concerns a man and woman who are well-mated but ill-suited (Woody Allen's dilemma, with no laughs and more than a hint of Strindberg). They copulate with great satisfaction on very slight acquaintance and thereafter are unable to find any other basis for their relationship, though both feel driven to do so.

The man (Art Garfunkel) is a research psychologist and teacher working in Vienna. He is endowed with an orderly, penetrating mind and a lustful, possessive nature. The woman (Theresa Russell) is restless, self-indulgent, capable of transient gaiety, but with an intelligence made giddy by lack of employment. Each sees a promise of fulfillment in the other, but their attempts to attain it become a tormenting duet of bad timing, every overture of the one being defeated by the flaws within the other. Garfunkel and Russell develop this quicksand tragedy with appalling persuasiveness.

Finally, the woman attempts suicide and the film switches to detection. The man had gone to her assistance that night, but a police inspector (Harvey Keitel) cannot match the account that he gives of his movements with the medical estimate of her condition on arrival at the hospital. As the surgeons struggle to save her life with procedures that resemble a bloody sexual attack, Keitel plays Porfiry to Garfunkel's Raskolnikov, and uncovers the last despairing episode of a sensual obsession.

Roeg composes the work in fragments, adding bits here and there to a slowly emerging mosaic. It is a method I tend to mistrust, since it is often used to give banality the color of mystery. Here, though, it is justified, since it prevents the film from developing a linear plot and throws the emphasis on the repetitive clashes of incompatible personalities drawn to each other by mutual but antagonistic needs. It is a morose tale, but an intelligent one. □

* * *

Note: In the issue of September 13, I attributed Buster Keaton's *Battling Butler*, a movie I see at every opportunity, to Charlie Chaplin. That sort of brain stutter robs me of sleep.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Edward Hopper retrospective at New York's Whitney Museum presents him on a huge scale, taking up more than two floors, and it is the start of a long tour. After closing on January 18, it will travel to London, Amsterdam and Düsseldorf, as well as Chicago and San Francisco. This marks the first time that European museums have circulated an exhibition of American art that is neither a general survey nor an abstract art show. It reflects the change of taste in favor of representational art that has occurred recently. Given this shift, Hopper's eminence makes him a logical choice. He has coined some poignant images of the United States, such as "Early Sunday Morning," but has never lost the support of artists as his work went public.

Before the Hopper exhibition, the museum showed "The Figurative Tradition and the Whitney Museum of American Art," a selection of the permanent collection that coincided with this shift in taste. (It is not that abstract art has been wiped out, simply that realism has been raised to parity.) "Figurative" was taken to mean representative of the human figure, including Willem de Kooning's women and Paul Cadmus's muscle men, expressionists as well as realists. The curators of contemporary shows at the Whitney avoid or suppress realism, whereas the curators dealing with historical material are contributing to revisionary work in the field. In the catalogue of "The Figurative Tradition," for example, Patricia Hills gives a clear account of the multiple levels of realism between the wars and speculates on its social base in the 1940s and 1950s. She is bound by what happens to be in the collection, but she shows that representational art is rich in potential for re-evaluation. It is too bad that this reinterpretation of realism has become separated from the current practice of art at the Whitney.

The curator of the Hopper exhibition, Gail Levin, is preparing a *catalogue raisonné* of the artist, and this has influenced her in two ways. Engrossed in the artist, she finds all his work fascinating, with the result that her show is too big; some of the works seem to be merely secondary versions of stronger pieces. (Also, I cannot think that the European audience will show much interest in Hopper's watercolors, which are per-

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haps to be calibrated "dull normal.") Because the *catalogue raisonné* will be chronological, she writes in *Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist* that she has taken the chance to "arrange the artist's work thematically." This promises to be a fruitful approach to Hopper's recurrent images, but less insight emerges than one expects, partly because of Levin's uncertainty as to what a theme is. A theme is a main subject of discourse or meditation, but she has it mixed up with chronology and topography. She has arranged the work in sections, such as "student days" and "transitional years," "Monhegan Island" and "Gloucester," "restaurants" and "couples." Of these only the last pair can be regarded as themes. Levin's awkwardness in handling subject matter is an aspect of the inheritance of abstract art that distracted writers from problems of signification.

On the other hand Levin is right, and illuminating, when she distinguishes Hopper from contemporary painters of the American scene. In his work there are no images of community, as in John Steuart Curry, no images of class unity expressed by rhythmic repetition, as in Thomas Hart Benton or William Gropper. Hopper shares with them, and with Grant Wood and Philip Evergood, the determination to define an American subject matter, but the terms are his own. At the Whitney it is fascinating to watch the transformation of his art from a light touch with the brush and clean color, based on Paris, to a virtuous native heaviness of touch and sourness of color. His harsh stylization is as American as Dashiell Hammett.

What expressive themes underlie Hopper's work since the mid-1920s? As curator of the Hopper Bequest, Levin has a mass of work on paper in her care, most of it agreeable but routine. The paintings of American architectural subjects, from porches to skylines, and of their representative users give Hopper his interest, and these begin only in the 1920s. He was a late starter, though his retrospective ignores this fact. Once going, however, Hopper showed himself to be concerned with the pathos of space and evocative situations. In his paintings, one is always at the edge between indoors and outdoors, city and country. Doorways and windows are the basis of a poetics of the threshold, of spaces both enclosed and revealed.

What of the figures who stand in these doorways or perch on these hotel beds? Levin, in an article on Josephine Nivison Hopper, the artist's wife, in *Woman's Art Journal*, writes that Jo "joined Edward in naming and fantasizing about the characters in his paintings." Apparently no details of these games are recorded, but it is relevant information because the figures in Hopper's completed pictures stir speculation among the viewers: Who are they? Why is she there? This openness is the reverse of Renaissance figure compositions based on a standard of explicit gesture and narrative clarity.

The Figurative Tradition and the Whitney Museum of American Art. By Patricia Hills and Roberta K. Tarbell. Whitney Museum in association with the University of Delaware Press. 32 color, numerous black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. $15.

Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist. By Gail Levin. Whitney Museum in association with W. W. Norton & Co. 280 color, more than 150 black-and-white illustrations. 304 pp. $29.95 until December 31, then $35. Paper $17.

Hopper's figures generate a sense of social isolation or psychic stress. Often the mood is erotic, a fact that is confirmed by a couple of heavy-handed paintings in which the sexual theme surfaces. The figures are incomplete, participants in a partial or blocked narrative, just as the partially occupied public spaces in Hopper's theater scenes or long-distance train compartments are incomplete, in use at less than capacity. The spectator is solicited for interpretation, an act of closure to give meaning to the provocative scene.

Levin makes an interesting parallel between the deserted street in Hopper's "Early Sunday Morning" (1930) and contemporary theater design, specifically Jo Mielziner's set for *Street Scene* (1929). In addition to this formal link, the theater may have provided models in staging. The dialogues between Hopper and his wife concerning the lives of his painted characters suggest the importance of the scenario to him. The tasks of the artist for Hopper definitely included the invention of human situations and their enactment. Levin records that Hopper was a movie fan. His work, economical in form, with dramatic clout, is like the American movie style of the 1930s. Almost alone among painters, Hopper pursued melodrama, with moods that range from ominous expectancy to estranged composure.

Outstanding among the less well-known works, incidentally, are "House at Dusk" (1935) from Richmond, Virginia, and "Pennsylvania Coal Town" (1947) from Youngstown, Ohio. One is a brilliant example of Hopper's power to solidify light; the other an unforgettable image of a house sinking, or seeming to, as it shines in the lower half of a darkening canvas. □

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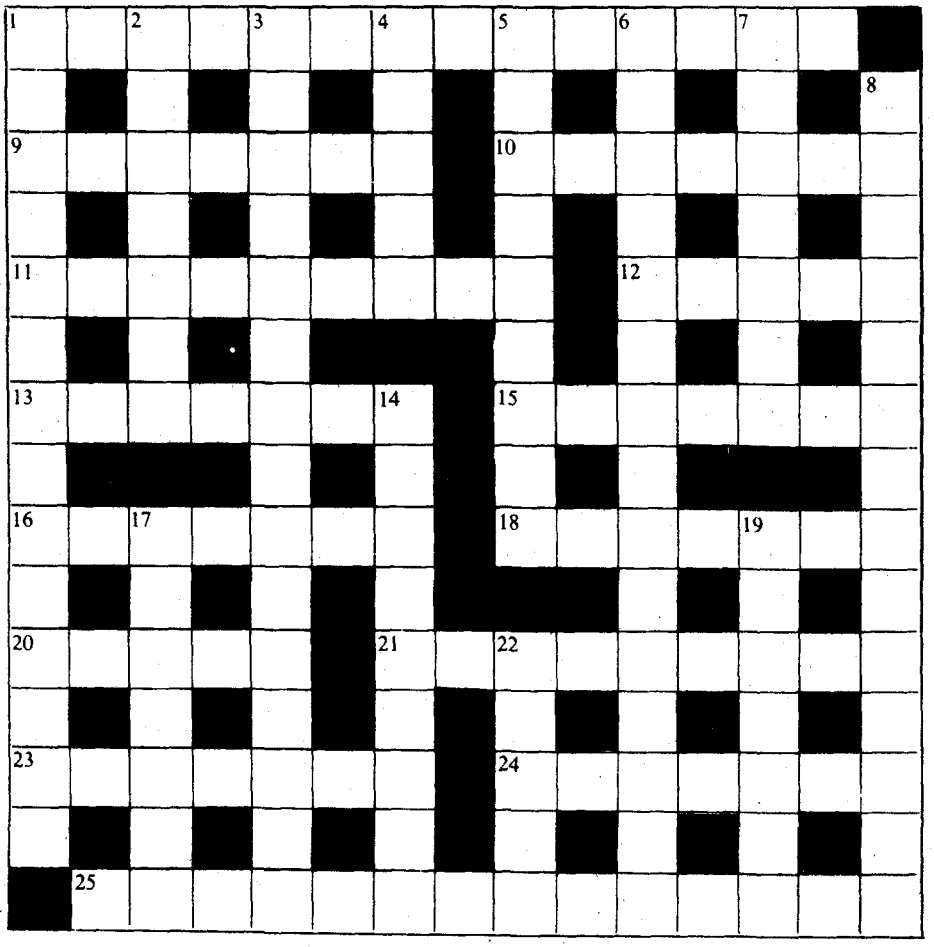

ACROSS

1 Choose to taper in the middle, and press to find Wardle, Weller and Winkle here. (8,6)
9 It's the usual way of doing things—and the way to go around in here! (7)
10 The chamber is loaded with one. (7)
11 The joke used to be, this was always next week! (Book early, play later.) (4,5)
12 and 22 down Goes on and on about one, and takes the hide off, according to some papers. (10)
13 Maketh the heart grow fonder? (This'll kill ya, as they say!) (7)
15 Referring to the high priest, macaroni is prepared, but not with the first number. (7)
16 With a 10, perhaps—but some have been brushed because they did it to the plate. (7)
18 More like tingly weather, the point put wrongly with someplace to land. (7)
20 Peter was, when it came to Cucurbita Pepo. (5)
21 Sailor-corrupter, but certainly not with spirit. (9)
23 Would never qualify for the Night Watch. (7)
24 Drunk, no doubt. (7)
25 24 Bottles—just perhaps! (2,3,4,3,2)

DOWN

1 Many people prefer this over Italian food. (8,6)
2 Runs through such as Eng Lit and Pol Sc. (7)
3 Does one quickly turn to vociferous chanting? (8,7)
4 Does one confess to come this way? (5)
5 With a rotten core inside, plain china. (9)
6 Qualifying for placement here might be a snap. (10,5)
7 Is giving him E unfair, sort of, despite one's bad performance? (7)
8 Empty wagon on the crest of the hill, but you're able to get a report of it, and no harm done. (5,9)
14 Is the chair duly made to be associated with pressure, perhaps? (9)
17 Reorganized units go like this, on pleasure trips, possibly. (7)
19 Perhaps big, only basely made. (7)
22 See 12 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1839

ACROSS: 1 Thumbs down; 6 Void; 10 Bounces; 11 Aeolian; 12 Espy; 13 Transitive; 15 Formats; 16 Thereof; 17 Oldster; 20 Spanish; 22 This Side Up; 23 Arch; 25 Nuptial; 26 Thoreau; 27 Soda; 28 Ascertains. DOWN: 1 Table of contents; 2 Usurper; 3 Back; 4 Deserts; 5 What-not; 7 Olivine; 8 Dance of the Hours; 9 Policeman; 14 Fantastic; 18 Dripped; 19 Riddles; 20 Shuttle; 21 Israeli; 24 Colt.

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